

The Reader's Digest

SERVICE



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Number 35

MARCH NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

Men Who Put on Airs

From *Cosmopolitan* (March '25). By George Ade

AFTER looking at the human comedy for a good many years, we know that all of the truly great are just plain folks—free from swank, side-show manners and high-sounding talk. Small insects buzz loudly but giants need not pass out handbills advertising their size. The man whose importance is in doubt has to argue his case.

When I was a reporter we setters and pointers of daily journalism never had any trouble in getting to the Chief of Police, but the patrolman with a story growled down at us from heights above. The millionaire was as common as an old shoe, when we finally broke in, but the he-secretary with the tall collar treated us as if we were angle-worms. Prominent citizens belonging to the exclusive clubs were nearly always genial and obliging when cornered by the sleuths of the press, but the flunkys who stood at the doors of these clubs regarded us with scorn and showed, by artful methods, that we were held in contempt.

Greatness probably means getting important results without straining. The intellect and emotions are specially geared, and the mortal who is marked for distinction goes ahead and functions without special effort and becomes a whale of a fellow,

often to his own surprise and embarrassment.

We have, in the history of our country, a prize model of simplicity and directness. Meaning Abraham Lincoln. He became a master of English merely by using as few words as possible and favoring those which were short, old-fashioned and Anglo-Saxon, instead of Latin. In an era of political pretense and hypocrisy he stood out as a miracle of sincerity because he said what was on his mind instead of trying to think up a good lie.

He was absolutely devoid of lugs. He didn't know how to put on airs. He couldn't think of a good reason why any man, at any time, should put on airs. His favorite poem was "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

He saw things in perspective and must have understood, as all great men do, that any individual is a small item as compared with the spread-out universe. You can't expect a New York head-waiter, or the district golf champion, or the speed cop, or the young man in the theater box-office to get Mr. Lincoln's point of view. They feel that to get along one must put on lugs. Do not kill them. Try to remember that possibly *you* have put on lugs once or twice.

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The Reader's Digest

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MARCH 1925

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Could T. R. Have Stopped the War?

Condensed from *The World's Work* (Feb. '25)

Tyler Dennett

"THE territory of neutral powers is inviolable." This article—proposed, it is interesting to note, by Belgium—was one in the declaration of the Hague Conventions of 1907, which had been signed by the American Government. Probably Roosevelt would not have attempted to argue that this declaration imposed upon the United States a legal duty to protect Belgium against Germany, but it certainly did afford a convenient opportunity to declare the sympathies of the United States, and Roosevelt stated that he would have made use of it.

His plan was revealed, not publicly, but in a letter (hitherto unpublished) to one of his most intimate friends, the British Ambassador in Washington, Cecil Spring-Rice. Roosevelt wrote, on October 3, 1914:

"If I had been President, I should have acted on the 30th or 31st of July, as head of a signatory power of the Hague treaties, calling attention to the guaranty of Belgium's neutrality and saying that I accepted the treaties as imposing a serious obligation which I expected not only the United States but all other neutral nations to join in enforcing. Of

course I would not have made such a statement unless I was willing to back it up. I believe that if I had been President the American people would have followed me." . . .

Two questions immediately suggest themselves: (1) Would Roosevelt, had he been President, actually have taken such action, and (2) What would have been the effect of it in Europe during the last two days of July, 1914?

On the first point, it may be said that Roosevelt's proposed action was in perfect harmony with the principles of foreign policy which he had expressed years before, and also almost completely parallel to an action he had taken in 1904 when he feared that the Russo-Japanese War would spread to Europe.

Roosevelt profoundly believed, on the one hand, that the peace of Europe was of the utmost importance to the United States, and, on the other, that it was the duty of the United States to give any assistance necessary for its preservation. He once remarked to Baron Eckardstein, the German diplomat in London:

"As long as England succeeds in keeping up the balance of power in

Europe, well and good; should she however fail in doing so, the United States would be obliged to step in, at least temporarily, in order to re-establish the balance of power of Europe, never mind against which country or group of countries our efforts may have to be directed. In fact, we are becoming, owing to our strength and geographical situation, more and more the balance of power of the whole globe."

This conversation took place in 1911. The situation in July, 1914, revealed the exact facts upon which Roosevelt had predicated his declaration in 1911. England had failed to keep the balance of power; Europe was sliding into a general war. Thus with singular clarity Roosevelt had forecast an event—entry of the United States into the World War—more than five years in advance.

The full force of Roosevelt's statements, the one in 1914 and the other in 1911, comes to us only when we have examined President Roosevelt's conduct on foreign relations while he was in the White House.

The outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War in February, 1904, created consternation in many parts of Europe. England had bound herself to come to the support of Japan if any power came to the aid of Russia. France, was similarly, though less tightly, bound to Russia. Germany was always willing to fish in troubled waters and was eager for the extension of the German Empire. It is difficult to see how Delcasse of France could have carried out his mad scheme of intervention without precipitating a European war, in fact a world war, though with an alignment of powers very different from the one which occurred ten years later.

At this point Roosevelt stepped into European politics, and disclosed his interest in the peace of the world in unmistakable terms. Roosevelt wrote to Spring-Rice on July 24, 1905:

"As soon as the war broke out,

I notified Germany and France in the most polite and discreet fashion that in the event of a combination against Japan to try to do what Russia, Germany, and France did to her in 1894 . . . I should promptly side with Japan and proceed to whatever length necessary on her behalf. I of course knew that your government would act in the same way . . ."

Roosevelt firmly believed that this action had the effect of keeping the war localized in the Far East. He wrote to Spring-Rice on December 27, 1904:

"If it were not for the attitude of England and the United States, I think that Germany and France would probably have already interfered on Russia's side."

There is a certain amount of corroborative evidence that this warning as to where lay the sympathies of the American Government was duly noted in Europe. We find the Kaiser warning the Czar that there was a possibility of American intervention on the side of England in European affairs. He wrote:

"But it will just be the main task of the Russian and German diplomatists to stop America joining England."

Whether without this bold declaration on the part of President Roosevelt in 1904 the conflict in the Far East would actually have spread to Europe and thus brought on a world war may be a fair subject for debate. It is unnecessary for us to face this question. The essential fact is that Roosevelt acted in a way very similar to the proposed action in 1914.

In the Moroccan affair, which was contemporaneous with the close of the Russo-Japanese War, Roosevelt again intervened in Europe. Briefly, Roosevelt communicated to the Kaiser that if Germany were to make the Moroccan affair an excuse for beginning a European war the opposition that would be raised against Germany would be very formidable.

On the strength of these facts we

find no difficulty in believing that Roosevelt in July, 1914, would have taken the action which he said he would have taken.

We now come to our second question: What would have been the effect of a warning to Germany on the last two days in July, 1914? Obviously, no one can answer, but it is interesting to recall the facts. Germany had as yet made no declaration of war. England was still in the midst of a debate which deceived Germany into assuming that England would stand aside. There are now many who argue that Germany would not have declared war if she had known positively in advance that England would support France and Belgium. What then would have been the effect on hesitant Berlin and undecided England if, in the moment of doubt, Washington had issued the proposed warning? Would not Germany have remembered a somewhat similar warning of ten years before and would it not have been a sufficient signal to her, as well as an inspiration to equivocating England, that the United States would stand by the side of England to protect the neutrality of Belgium? We confess that it seems very plausible to suppose that under those conditions the German armies would never have crossed the Rhine, that the World war would have turned out to be only another Balkan conflict, just as the war ten years earlier was localized in the Far East. . . .

The general principles which appear to have characterized Roosevelt's foreign policies are of more than passing interest. Viewed historically, they constitute something new in American annals, and they may yet be accepted as a permanent contribution, valuable as precedents and maxims, for American statesmen of all time.

The peace of Europe, the peace of the Far East, the peace of the world, was of so much importance in his estimation that he was prepared to hazard his political for-

tures in an appeal to the American people to support him in political and even military intervention in transatlantic and transpacific affairs.

It seems inevitable that in time the inexorable course of events will make the Rooseveltian policy American. It does not at all follow from Roosevelt's principles that the United States ought to enter the League of Nations, which is merely one method by which America can hold its place as a world power. But it does unquestionably follow, if Roosevelt was sound in his principles, that the American Government is under obligation, in rejecting the League of Nations, to devise a more effective method through which it may exert its influence and power to maintain the peace of the world.

Granted that the peace of the world is a concern of the United States, only one honest conclusion may be drawn, namely, that it is the direct and immediate duty of the United States, when the peace of the world is threatened, to exert itself to restore the equilibrium. Any other conclusion than this merely resolves itself into a policy of trying to get something for nothing—a policy which every householder as well as every business man knows defeats itself in the long run.

Roosevelt believed profoundly in a policy of cooperation with the powers rather than in the miscalled traditional policy of American isolation. With him it meant either leading the procession or at least marching abreast. It never meant marching single-file somewhere down toward the rear.

Roosevelt appeared at times to move with astonishing speed, but we question whether it will ever be shown that in any of these major movements he was reckless. When the opportunity came to restore peace in the Far East he did not call a conference of powers to discuss how it ought to be done. But before he made public the appeal to Japan and Russia to meet in a conference for

direct negotiation of peace he already had the assurance of both powers that they would respond to his invitation, and he had in addition the assurance that France, Germany and England would find his good offices acceptable. After having an intimation that both Russia and Japan might be willing to talk peace, he allowed seven full weeks to elapse before he issued the formal invitations for a peace conference. His conduct was characterized by extreme caution and deliberation.

Another important conviction, inextricably bound up with his foreign policies, was his belief in preparedness as opposed to a policy of bluff. "I believe in the old frontier maxim," he often wrote in his letters, "that you should never draw unless you intend to shoot. I utterly dislike the policy of bluff."

In a letter to Spring-Rice, May 13, 1905, he wrote:

"I do not believe that, as things are now in this world, any nation can rely upon inoffensiveness for safety. Neither do I believe that it can rely upon alliance with any other nation for safety. My object is to keep America in trim so that fighting her shall be too expensive and dangerous a task lightly to be undertaken by anybody; and I shall try at the same time to make her act in such a spirit of justice and good will towards others as will prevent any one taking such a risk lightly, and will, if possible, help a little towards a general attitude of peacefulness and righteousness in the world at large."

The above paragraph is so adequate a statement that it is unnecessary to add others, although there are many of them. How profoundly he felt the necessity for preparedness as a measure of peace and as an instrument of leadership appears in a letter to William Roscoe Thayer (Sept. 1, 1905) in answer to a note of congratulation on the success of the Portsmouth Conference:

"... But do not forget that I would have been powerless to speak for peace if there had not been in the minds of other nations the belief, in the first place that I would speak with absolute sincerity, and in the second place that I did not wish peace because the nation I represented was either unable or unwilling to fight if the need arose."

There was one conspicuous element in Roosevelt's technique as a statesman. Without this technique the principles which he applied would probably be a failure in the hands of any man. Roosevelt went out to meet the situation. Never willingly did he allow himself or his government to be put on the defensive in foreign affairs. He went out to meet the situation before it arrived and thus was able—every good negotiator knows the trick—to determine the conditions under which he would meet it.

This initiative gave him the mastery which he could never have won if he had sat still and allowed another power to seize it first. Yes, mastery. In 1904-05, Roosevelt for a time was the master of the political destinies of the United States, of Europe, and even of the world. We do not find it difficult to believe that if he had been President in July, 1914, he would again have had the mastery.

As time and the sequence of events deliver American citizens more and more from the proverbial insularity which now enthalls them, then it will be recognized that in his foreign policies Roosevelt established a claim as a world statesman comparable with that of very few men of his century. How many statesmen can you name who in such a brief period have so far advanced their nation's interests abroad and determined, east and west, so many of the major conditions of the international affairs of the future?

The New Race of Big Men

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (Feb. '24)

Stephen Leacock

ARE you aware that there is a big movement going on in this country, and that a lot of big-hearted men and ever so many big women are in it? Perhaps not. Then let me try to tell you about it and the way in which the world is being transformed by it.

No, don't suggest sending me any money. I don't want it. Neither I nor any of these big men and women who are working on this thing want money. We all take coupons, however, and if you care to cut out any coupons from this or any journal and send them to me I shall be glad to get them. But, remember, sending a coupon pledges you to nothing. It does not in any way bring you within reach of the law. Only a little while ago a young boy, scarcely more than a man, sent in a coupon. He became a new being at once. I may say that he is now at the head of one of the biggest dried-prune businesses in Kalamazoo.

Now, dear reader, you may be in exactly the position of that young man. You may be, like him, on the very verge of opportunity. Like him, you may need only a friendly shove to put you where you belong. Success is within reach of all, even the dullest. You need not despair merely because you are dull. That's nothing. A lot of these big men in the movement were complete nuts before they came in.

Has the thought ever occurred to you, for example, that you would like your salary raised? If so, nothing is more simple. Read the chapters which follow and your salary will be raised before you finish them. I can tell you of thousands of men in

this country whose salaries have been raised beyond recognition.

Why? Because these men have personality. That's it. Some of them had it from the start but didn't know it. You may be in that class. They set to work to develop themselves. They took exercises which gave them the constitutions of ostriches. They chewed their food for hours before they used it. Realizing that a ferruginous diet sets up a subterfuge of gas throughout the body, they took care to combine in their diet a proper proportion of explosives. Having grasped the central fact that the glory of a man's strength is in his hair, these people, by adopting a system of rubbing (easily learned in six lessons and involving nothing more than five minutes of almost hysterical fun every morning), succeeded in checking the falling of the follicles. In short, as one of the greatest of them has said, "Hair power is brain power."

But even this does not exhaust the scope of this great movement which is building up a new race of men and women. There are bigger things yet. Have you thought of the large part *love* plays in the world? Perhaps not. You may be too big a boob to have thought about it. If you have hitherto been clean outside of our great movement toward the new success you have probably never read the booklet (to be had by cutting out the coupon) entitled "How to Choose a Mate." It may never have occurred to you how many men in picking a mate, or even a wife, make a bad pick. There are ever so many cases on record where seri-

ous dissatisfaction arises with the selection which has been made. If you will study the booklet of Dr. O. Salubrious you will see that he makes the bold claim that men and women are animals and they should mate with the same care as is shown by the lizard, the lobster, and the gram-iniferous mammalia.

The essential idea which arises from what we have said is that a new race of men and women is emerging under our eyes. Alive with personality, using 100 per cent of their efficiency, covered with glossy hair rich in its natural oil, forgetting nothing, earning \$63 a week at occupations which fill only their leisure time, these people are rapidly inheriting the earth.

Do you want then, reader—and I am asking you for the last time—to be in this movement or out of it? . . . Remember, the greatest men in the world, those, that is to say, who draw the largest salaries, do so by their personality. Ask any truly great man how he made all his money, and he will always tell you the same thing. The bigger the man the more loudly he will say it.

The other day I had a few minutes' conversation with one of the biggest priced men in this country. "To what," I asked, "do you attribute your own greatness?" He answered without hesitation, "To myself." Yet there was a man who has the reputation of being the second biggest consumer of crude rubber in this country. I asked another man, a large consumer of adjustable bicycle parts, how much he thought he owed his present commanding position to education. He answered emphatically, "Nothing."

Each of these men has a developed, balanced, nicely adjusted personality. You feel that as soon as such a man is in your presence; when he enters a room, you are somehow aware that he has come in. When he leaves, you realize that he has gone out. As soon as he opens his mouth, you know that he is

speaking. When he shuts his mouth, you feel that he has stopped.

Until the recent discoveries of the success movement it was not known that personality could be acquired. We know now that it can. The first thing needed is *to get into harmony with yourself*. Make the effort to set up a *bilateral harmony between your inner and outer ego*. When you get this done see what you can do to *extend yourself in all directions*. Next try, gently at first, but with increasing emphasis, to *revolve about your own axis*. When you have got this working nicely, *lift yourself to a new level of thinking*. When you have got up there, hold it. You have gained the first step, namely Harmony—in other words, you are completely and absolutely satisfied with yourself. If you were a nut before, you will never know it now.

The next great thing to be acquired is optimism, cheerfulness. It is a scientific fact that cheerfulness loosens up the whole anatomy by allowing a freer play to the bones. Begin each day with a smile. When you rise in the morning, throw open your window wide and smile out of it. Don't mind whom you hit with it. When you descend to the breakfast table try to smile at your food, or even break into a pleasant laugh at the sight of it.

Edward Beanhead, for example, entered his office a new man after his five weeks' course in Magnetism. Instead of greeting his employer with a cold "Good Morning," Edward asked his superior how he had slept. Then he suggested to his employer that perhaps his ducts were clogged with albuminous litter. The senior man gravely answered that in that case he had better raise Edward's salary. Beanhead then asked to organize his employer's business so as to put it on a strategic footing. The business was plotted out on a chart. Banks in which the firm had no money were marked with a cross. The result was a second increase of salary within 24 hours.

"Doctor, I Feel Myself Slipping"

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (Feb. '25)

James C. Derieux

"ANY man," said Dr. J. H. McCurdy, "will spend ten minutes a day in shaving and fixing himself up to look the best that he can. But he balks at spending an equal length of time in keeping his body in good repair so that it can perform its functions normally. And this, notwithstanding the fact that health is far important than looks. Now, I'm no advocate of whiskers; but, if you can't both shave and exercise, I'll come out flat for a program of exercise, and let the whiskers grow where they will!"

"Any woman will spend more than ten minutes a day in fixing herself up to look attractive, and she is perfectly right in doing so. But, like the man, she doesn't go far enough. She ought to give her muscles, her health, a little attention—at least as much as she gives her appearance. I'm no advocate of ugliness on the part of women—far from it! but, if a woman can't both fix herself up and exercise, I'll take the stump for exercise, and let the faces look like what they will!"

If your waist is growing out of bounds, your breath getting short, your energy ebbing away, you are probably to blame. For such matters as these, according to Doctor McCurdy, are largely in your own hands.

Doctor McCurdy is professor of physical education at the International Y. M. C. A. College, at Springfield, Mass., and is one of the most famous physical directors in the world. For 37 years he has been teaching people how to take care of themselves, and today between four and five million persons in all parts

of the world are learning how to keep in good condition from teachers who have learned the trick from Doctor McCurdy.

"Your health is yours to have and to hold or to lose," he says, "according to the amount of common sense you show. 'Doctor, I feel myself slipping,' is one of the commonest statements that we medical men hear. And generally we hear it from men who ought not to be slipping, and who would not be if they regarded their bodies as highly as they do other things in life. Overeating and too little exercise for the trunk muscles are the twin offenses that cause millions of men and women to slip long before their strength should begin to decrease.

Here are some simple exercises in bodily movement and in balancing which, Doctor McCurdy says, are good barometers of physical condition. A person in normal health should find them easy:

1. Lie flat on your back and raise both legs to a vertical position, so that they make a right angle with your body.

2. Still flat on your back, grasp the head of the bed and bring both feet completely over the head.

3. Now raise your body to a sitting position without the aid of your arms.

4. Lie flat again, put the bottoms of your feet on the bed, with the knees raised to make a triangle. Lift your body so that it rests on the head, shoulders, and feet, the hips about twelve inches from the bed. Now turn sidewise, without the aid of your elbows, until you are resting on your feet and one shoulder.

5. Stand on one foot, raise the other knee until the upper leg goes out straight from the hip. Stand that way for ten seconds. You ought not to wobble too much or hop around on the foot that is supporting your weight.

6. Grasp one heel in your hand, and hold it out to the side as high as possible for ten seconds.

"The first four of these tests," said Doctor McCurdy, "are to show the strength of the big trunk muscles, which are the most neglected of all your muscles and among the most important to health. The last two tests are to discover your ability to coordinate the use of your muscles. These balancing tests are important, because they show whether your muscles are keeping up their teamwork. The last two tests, by the way, are very much more difficult when your eyes are shut. If you can do them without seeing, your ability to balance is away above normal.

"One of my friends recently reached his 85th birthday without ever having had a serious sickness. Yet when he was 29 years old, he came dangerously close to a complete physical breakdown, owing to overwork. His first move was to check up each week, to be sure that he had slept an average of eight hours a day. Then he began to exercise for half an hour a day. During middle life he was fond of bicycle riding, and the records he kept show that his yearly mileage on his wheel was, for quite a while, in excess of 2,000 miles. Later he moved to the city. Here he entered at once upon a daily 'bathroom drill,' which included several hundred well-distributed motions designed to stimulate the trunk muscles. For more than 30 years he has never failed to 'tune up' each morning with these exercises.

"That man is still going strong. For at least 50 years he has given half an hour a day, or more, to exercise. That may sound like a lot of time to you; but it was time

saved, not wasted. The total number of hours my venerable friend has spent in calisthenics add up to about one year. But think of the time he has saved! Not a day lost in half a century because of sickness!

"Thousands of men and women ride to their work, and, after getting there, sit all day at desks, or stand behind counters. They do nothing to strengthen the big trunk muscles and coordinate their activities with the activities of the little muscles, and thus improve digestion, elimination, and circulation. Their health is almost certain to suffer unless they do something to correct this unnatural mode of life. The only thing they can do is to play and exercise.

"If you are one of the millions of office workers, make up your mind to give your body a square deal. Exercise your body. That will add to the length of your life, keep your energy at its highest peak, and make you a far happier and more useful man or woman.

"In addition to definite exercises, every man and woman ought to have an outdoor hobby, or an indoor one, provided it is a game that requires physical effort and skill.

"Fortunately, there is a growing desire on the part of men and women to engage in athletic games. Gymnasiums are now in every town and city, and the number of persons who go to them is increasing all the time. Once you start, and become skilled in some game, you will keep it up for the sheer joy there is in playing.

"There are four big factors in preserving your nervous and physical strength. They are food, mental attitude, sleep and rest, and exercise. All of these are in your own hands. Barring the exceptional cases, it is strictly up to you whether you go into old age with a toughened and splendid body, or with one that stoops, bulges, misses on several cylinders, and in general is very little pleasure or profit to you."

The Myriad-Minded Leonardo da Vinci

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly* (Nov. '24)

Don G. Caetani, Italian Ambassador to the U. S.

L EONARDO da VINCI is doubtless the most universal genius the human race has produced. . . . Probably nine out of ten people know him as a great painter, but only one of these ten knows that his achievements as a technical genius are far greater than those as a painter.

Leonardo was born in 1452, in a village called Vinci, from which he took his name. He was the illegitimate child of an obscure public notary and of a woman of the peasant class. Brought up in poverty, Leonardo taught himself by watching others and by taking nature as his teacher. . . . I will limit myself solely to the enumeration of some of the astounding observations and discoveries that Leonardo da Vinci made. These he formulated in the 5,300 sheets of his note-books that have luckily survived.

It looks almost as if nothing had escaped his eagle eye. He understood the fundamental principles of astronomy, of paleontology and geology; he gave a description of human anatomy that can hardly be surpassed today; he invented the machine gun, the shrapnel, the Broadway elevated, the submarine; designed and tried a flying machine; made plans for a spring-driven automobile, and what not! (See McCurdy, "Leonardo da Vinci's Note Books.")

Leonardo devoted his leisure hours to painting and did not hurry. They say that he worked for years on the portrait of "Mona Lisa," never satisfied, seeking something that perhaps he was not himself able to define;

this is revealed to us by the mysterious smile and searching look of that woman whose face, after the lapse of four centuries, still reflects to us, like a living mirror, the thoughts of the man who gazed at her with the brush in his hand.

Little is left of his artistic work. Not over four or five pictures can with certainty be attributed to the master's hand; of his sculptures not even one has survived. Fate has acted harshly toward his artistic creations; fortunate circumstance instead has miraculously assured his immortal fame by saving his manuscripts.

In astronomy Leonardo broke his way through and above the conceptions of his contemporaries and had a clear vision of the truth. Over 150 years before Galileo was sentenced by the ecclesiastical tribunal for having proclaimed the motion of the earth, Leonardo wrote: "The sun does not move; the earth is a star." To a certain extent he anticipated Newton by pointing out the universality of gravitation not merely on the earth but in the moon also. If he did not precede Galileo in the construction of the telescope, he anticipated him in the desire of magnifying distant images, as appears from a brief sentence jotted in one of his note-books: "Construct glasses to see the moon magnified."

In geology he clearly formulated the transformation to which the continents have been subjected by the phenomena of mountain erosion and sedimentary deposits and from a close analysis of the fossil marine

shells came to the conclusion that important geologic upheavals must have taken place in bygone ages.

Leonardo advocated the close study of human anatomy for the sake of art and science and did not hesitate to defy the canons of the church that threw the ban of excommunication on those who practiced dissection of the human body. He was not deterred, as he says, "by the fear of passing the night hours in the company of these corpses, quartered and flayed and horrible to behold." He gives an accurate description of arteriosclerosis, that is, the hardening of the arteries.

Military engineering gave Leonardo a broad field in which to apply his ingenuity. There is his mortar for throwing bombs and shrapnels that explode in the air; his cylindrical bullets with vanes cut out of the shaft are identical with the darts that were invented at the beginning of the world war to be dropped from airplanes. He discussed the advantage of rifling cannon and made a drawing of a machine gun.

One of the most striking statements Leonardo makes is when he refuses to describe the submarine, foreseeing the cruelties that would follow if man got into his hands such a powerful instrument of destruction:

Why is it that I do not describe my method of remaining under water? This I do not reveal on account of the evil nature of men, who would practice assassination on the bottom of the seas, by breaking the hulls of boats and wrecking them with all on board; while I tell about other means of submergence there is no danger from these because on the surface of the water there appears the mouth of the aspiration tube floating on skins of cork.

To detect a distant vessel he says: "If you cause your ship to stop, and place the head of a long tube in the water, and place the other extremity to your ear you will hear ships at a great distance from you." In case of shipwreck he describes a safe and efficient life preserver:

It is necessary to have a coat made of

air-tight leather with a double hem over the breast and double also from the girdle to the knee. Blow out the lapels of the coat through the hems at the breast, before you are obliged to jump into the sea. And always keep in your mouth the end of the tube through which the air passes into the garment, and if once or twice it should become necessary for you to take breath when the spray prevents you draw it through the mouth of the tube from the air within the coat.

Even the possibility of using poisonous gases did not escape him:

Throw among the enemy ships, with small catapults, chalk, pulverized arsenic and verdigris. All who inhale the powder will be asphyxiated by breathing it, but be careful that the wind be such as not to blow back the fumes, or else cover your nose and mouth with a moist cloth so that the powder fumes can not penetrate."

Who would dream that about the time Columbus was first landing in America, there should have lived a man who suggested: "The model cities will be served by two kinds of streets; highways elevated or on a slope, elegantly ornamented and perfectly clean; and lower roadways, washed from time to time by water from the watercourse. Vehicles will never make use of the upper highway, reserved for gentlemen; while in the lower street the wagons and beasts of burden will circulate."

But none of Leonardo's investigations brings him closer to our times than his attempt to solve the problem of flight. He drew sketches of both the flying machine and helicopter. He approached the problem in the right way, by studying in minute detail the flight of birds. He constructed models of pasteboard of various forms and watched them descend in the air by dropping them from a bridge. He then drew the curves and the motions which the fall of each made in various parts of its descent. We have no positive proof that Leonardo actually attempted to fly on an apparatus constructed by himself, though he seems to hint at his intention of doing so:

The first flight of the big bird will take place from the lofty Swan Hill and the universe will be filled with its praises and the nest whence it sprang will be filled with eternal glory.

The City of Tomorrow

Condensed from *Success* (Jan. '25, Feb. '25)

Francis Oppenheimer

WHAT will New York look like in 50 years? Architects are today working toward one sure goal—that of making it the most beautiful and magnificent of cities, even of the classic past. These superlatives are grounded in hard fact. The plans are being filed every day with the building department. More astonishing—more ambitious—are these building proposals than any of the fanciful dreams conceived either by H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. They stagger the imagination.

To begin with, the entire architectural perspective of the greatest city in the world will be different from anything hitherto seen on the face of this old earth. There will be no collection of miscellaneous rectangles, ripping the sky, but coherent forms, organically diminishing as they ascend. There will be no black canyons in which the future city dwellers will have to move in darkness. Instead of having just a decorated face, the city will have assumed a sculptural quality.

New York will have become a city of light and color. Its various streets lined with terraced cliffs ranging against the sky will repeat one another in harmonious order. In design the roofs of these buildings will suggest the Egyptian pyramids, and whole avenues of picturesque aerial gardens will follow one another—away from the city's roar. There will be swimming pools and tennis courts; dwarfed trees such as are seen in Japan will probably be cultivated extensively.

Airplanes certainly will be as common as flivvers are now, and aerial hangers where they may be stabled will be located conveniently.

The New Yorker of 1975 will be whisked up to a roof where he will join his neighbor from the Catskill mountains who has just checked his Sky Ford—and together they will sip their tea while viewing the changing colors of sunset on the Bay. Workers will fly down the Hudson from their homes in the hills, to the structure in which their office desk or factory bench is waiting for them. Enabled by the helicopter principle, the future flying machine will easily be able to arise and alight vertically, thus transforming every one of these future cubist monuments of stone and steel into a very busy sky terminal.

"In a one and one-fourth times zone," Hugh Ferriss, the noted architect, explains, "an apartment house on a 60-foot street must begin to 'step' back above the sixth and seventh floor. The immediate result of this is that the apartments placed on these 'steps' will necessarily open on terraces. The possibilities for loggias, sleeping porches, sun parlors, 'hanging gardens,' etc., are illimitable. It is not an exaggeration to say that a small revolution will be accomplished in the home life of New York. To reach out of doors, New Yorkers will not have to go away—they will go up."

These architectural visions are almost as exact as the propositions of Euclid, for the area and height of buildings are now all matters of zoning laws. Their enactment introduces a new art period in this country. These laws were intended primarily to provide greater safety in buildings and on the streets, to provide for a reasonable amount of light and air in buildings and on the

streets, and in general to make the business of the city more healthful, convenient and agreeable.

Fifty years from now the lawless skyscrapers of today will be as obsolete as horse cars are today. Skyscrapers will present a new facade—not a wall facing another wall, but a slope facing space. The typical apartment will include a terrace overlooking distance. . . .

America will eventually become a nation of great cities as was ancient Greece. It cannot be otherwise. Every new invention for labor saving, whether on the farm or in the factory, releases so many more men and women who turn naturally to the cities.

"Our whole social and economic future depends upon how we work out this problem of congestion in our cities. Bolshevism will not break in where the living conditions are right—when men have good places in which to work and live they do not revolt against their country.

"The British Empire is beginning to take account of this political fact. London is working out building programs far in advance of any of the Utopian schemes of the Bolsheviks. England realizes that the whole political structure depends upon the contentment of the working classes and this means comfortable places in which to live."

"New York presents a tremendous problem. But we think that we have worked out the solution, not only for this, but for other cities. *The American cities of the future will have arcaded sidewalks, within the building lines—one story above the present level. There will be bridges at all corners so pedestrians can move through the surface of the city in ease and safety. Walking will no longer be the hazardous occupation it now is. And you will be able to shop all day without being disturbed by traffic which will be spread to almost any dimensions underneath*

the building. And underneath this will be the subways and the rails.

"We are planning to divide the city into its three natural divisions—foot, wheel and rail. We have come to the conclusion that if we are going to take care of existing traffic, a sharp separation must be made between these three types of traffic. Leave wheel traffic on the ground. Let pedestrians, the lightest in weight of the three be elevated. For years we have known that wheel and rail do not belong on the same level.

"This double-decking of streets is not a new idea. Leonardo da Vinci, the great Italian painter, architect and sculptor, proposed it in a scheme to replan Milan. Most European cities have certain portions at differing levels, and have one or another form of double-decking. Chicago, too, has an important boulevard which is double-decked for a considerable length.

"This plan is not at all revolutionary. That is, it demands no tearing down of existing buildings, or widening of existing streets. Nor does it even interfere with existing property lines or run up big expenses on taxpayers, or, for that matter, even reduce the revenues of city real estate.

"All American cities have the same congestion problems, to a greater or lesser degree. 'The Great Slaughter'—this is what the daily accidents on the streets of the cities of America is now called—so great have become the casualties."

According to statistics announced at Secretary Hoover's recent conference with Street and Highway Commissioners, the accidents on our streets this last year are more than twice the number we lost in the World War. The total killed on our thoroughfares was 22,600; there were 678,000 seriously injured; how many of these died later from their injuries is not known.

"Dry Guillotine"

Condensed from Asia (Feb. '25)

Stuart H. Gillmore

ST. LAURENT is 30 miles up river in French Guiana and is, first and last, a convict station. The map of South America shows the Guianas as three little dabs of color on the north-central coast. And the least of these is French Guiana, or Cayenne, advertised to the world mainly through the popularity of the pungent pepper that takes its name from the province. Only the narrow coastal plain is habitable under present conditions. The system, in practice since the end of the 18th century, of transporting the grist of French jails and Parisian slums to a land where the most hardy must struggle to survive has resulted in a disgruntled and vitiated white population, a man-power always at low ebb.

There had been 6,000 prisoners at St. Laurent in 1915, but this number, because of poor and insufficient food, had dwindled to less than 1,500 in 1922, when I arrived with a friend to superintend the erection of a camp up the Maroni River, for the engineers and dredgemen who were to operate gold-mining machinery in behalf of a New York firm. During the war and after the Armistice, lack of ships prevented the despatch from France of more convicts to the colony. It is possible, however, that the 10,000 prisoners who were awaiting transportation in 1920 may now be on their way across the Atlantic—not to a land of promise, but to what is significantly called "the dry guillotine."

In addition to the men actually imprisoned in the penal colony of St. Laurent, there are always several hundred *liberes* who have been turned loose but are doomed to re-

main in Guiana for the term imposed by the French courts. Before they can return to France or seek other lands, they have to repay the cost of their trial and deportation and to save enough passage-money to take them to the place selected. Here would seem to be a thread of hope, but principle and practice do not gibe. It is extremely hard for *liberes* to obtain steady employment in French Guiana, and, even if such employment were to be had, their weakened condition makes the men incapable of performing manual labor for prolonged periods. So they seldom amass any savings, and are found wandering forlornly, unable to meet the bill of the government for condemning them to exile. It is a mockery to call them "the liberated." The walls of their jail have only been enlarged.

The man-hunter of French Guiana, i. e., a *gendarme* detailed to search for escaped convicts, is as relentless as the type pictured in such tales as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He has his bloodhounds, but they are human beings. It is customary for the man-hunters to make circuits of certain territories that fugitives most frequent, along the banks of the larger rivers. Several times at Forestiere we acted as hosts to one of these trackers, Denlis and his two assistants. Denlis supported himself on the head taxes paid for captured convicts, ten francs for jungle captures and 50 francs if the quarry was taken on the high seas. He confidently declared that in another two years he would be able to retire. A competence based on misery, surely.

As a rule, fugitives head for the

jungle the moment they have eluded their guards. Prison labor and prison life are so unbearable that they choose to brave the multitudinous dangers of the jungle rather than endure the endless miseries of the penitentiary. Most of them are dressed in totally inadequate garb, potato-sacking for their bodies and large straw hats for their heads. Ordinarily they are barefoot and thus in mortal danger on forest trails. The French Government appropriates annually a sum sufficient to clothe all convicts in Guiana, but the colonial authorities issue potato-sacks, costing nothing. A similar condition prevails with regard to food. The men are not infrequently fed rotten meat, wormy rice and spoiled potatoes. When these pariahs escape into the bush, barefoot, unarmed, their bodies impoverished by poor fare and heavy labor, they have before them hundreds of miles of almost impenetrable jungle before they can reach Venezuela or Brazil.

Such a journey is hazardous in the extreme, even for a thoroughly equipped explorer's party. For a fugitive, it means almost certain death. Several such unfortunates dragged themselves into our camp, covered with open sores, emaciated, their feet wrapped in rags and terribly swollen, as a rule from a formidable species of jigger. These fugitives would entreat me to send them down river to the penitentiary hospital.

It is not strange that the convict system of French Guiana should completely brutalize most of the men coming under it. The harsh regime of the prisons is reflected in the dealings of the inmates with one another. They murder and maltreat brothers in distress, and, in the case of group-escapes, it is not uncommon for one of the men to be assassinated because he has money or because he lags behind through weakness.

After a trial, a condemned man is placed in solitary confinement in a tiny cell that is little more than

a niche in the wall, stifling and dank. When more than one man is to be executed, he who mounts to the knife first is fortunate in that he escapes watching the decapitation of his fellows. The victim's body is lashed to a board and his throat is made fast in the lower half of the wooden circle. Then the upper half falls in place; and the knife flashes down like a shot. The head falls into a basket. The executioner grasps it by the hair and lifts the gory trophy aloft, crying "Justice is done!"

The first penal colony in Cayenne was founded in 1763. Its history was short; its failure complete. Nearly every one of 14,000 persons, the muck of Paris, doomed to banishment to the inhospitable shores, perished. Deportations were resumed in 1797, when 16 deputies were exiled, most of them meeting a like fate. The following year 500 political prisoners of the Republic were herded to this plague-spot of the New World. The worst catastrophe in connection with this inhuman expiatory plan occurred in 1823, when the marriage of convicts and degraded women was approved. But it was not until 1854 that the Emperor Napoleon formerly decreed Cayenne a penal settlement. Shortly thereafter an aroused public sentiment, outraged at wholesale sentences to a living death, secured a modification of the scheme so that only Arabs and other dark-skinned colonials were deported to Guiana. The Guianan banishments were resumed, however, in 1884.

Cayenne will never become a happy and productive adjunct to the French Republic until the infamous system of deportations is abolished and the colony becomes the home land of progressive Frenchmen, proud of their adopted country and its possibilities. France is almost the only nation that continues to deport criminals. It would be far more merciful to put all convicted men to death at once than to submit them to the "dry guillotine" of Cayenne.

Will King Gold Be Dethroned?

Condensed from *The American Review* (Jan.-Feb. '25)

Richard Hoadley Tingley

THE so-called gold standard is an evolution, not a creation. Commerce recognized it as a fact centuries before anyone thought of it as such. Great Britain, always thinking commercially several laps in advance of the rest of the world, first adopted the gold standard and reduced the gold money practice of previous years to a concrete basis. She was able to do this because of her dominating position in the world's trade. She forced other countries to adopt it, and now, apparently, wants to scrap it in favor of some other money standard. Each country adjusted its currency to equal so many grains of gold per metallic unit, and thus was established a par of exchange throughout the civilized world. Other commodities fluctuate in value—gold never, except in its purchasing power, and here it is about as capricious as the wind.

Everybody nowadays is familiar with the index-number system of expressing relative values and prices. In the 16th century the rapid advance in the price of everything caused grave concern and, in searching for the cause, an Italian economist, G. R. Carli, constructed a simple system of index numbers in which the price of certain basic commodities was compared with the gold supply, year by year, prior to and following the great influx of gold from the mines of the New World. The results clearly demonstrated that gold was at the bottom of the trouble. A parallel may easily be drawn between the condition existing in Europe in Carli's day and that now existing in the United States. There is grave concern because there is too much gold.

Nearly half of the gold money known to exist is now in this country, to be exact, \$4,460,000,000 on June 1, 1924—more gold by far than any single nation ever before possessed at one time. The beginning of the war found the gold fairly well distributed among the nations. Our share was a little less than \$1,900,000,000. For the past ten years gold has been entering this country in a steady stream and is still coming.

Most authorities agree that our normal share of gold is not far from two billion dollars' worth, and that we would be much better off if we were rid of the difference. But how to get rid of it is a problem that, as yet, has not been solved. The gold standard as a basis of international money transactions is on trial. This is generally recognized as so. Having stood the test of a century it is now in danger of impeachment. Should it be impeached it is easy to see that this country would be the chief loser. There are evidences that the astute bankers of Europe are making an effort to see that our gold remains where it is, and that the supply be increased. A point might be reached before very long when Europe would adopt a new money standard for, they would argue, "How can the rest of the world stay on the gold basis without gold?"

Quite inadvertently hastening such a time, our government has placed itself in an anomalous position in arriving at an amicable adjustment of Great Britain's war debt to us. Under the terms of this adjustment immense quantities of gold must be moving in this direction for many years to come. Britain, smilingly agreed, laughing up her sleeve at the

eventual effect upon us of the manner of its doing. "When the funding of this debt was under discussion," says Mr. George F. Putnam, "an incident occurred at a public function in London which throws light on the British attitude. On this occasion the Chancellor of the Exchequer said in an address, 'America wants us to pay our debt. But America has made it extremely difficult for us to pay in the ordinary commercial way. She has virtually closed her doors to our manufactured products. Very well, we will pay in gold, and it will be America's job to find out how to get rid of it.'" Mr. Putnam adds that "These remarks called forth a series of chuckles," and that, "One could not help getting the impression that we were considered a strangely inconsistent and economically illiterate people, because we had denied the usual means of payment by building a tariff wall about ourselves so high that nobody could get over it."

A favorable occupation of European economists nowadays is putting forward suggestions and plans for establishing a new money base to supersede gold which, they claim, has failed and should be scrapped. There can be little doubt of the motive behind such efforts. It should be the endeavor of our bankers to keep Europe from tinkering with the gold standard. We saved it for England and the rest of the commercial world in the Bryan days of 1896. In our own interests we should save it again.

European financiers want us to keep our gold because they seem to believe that, in the end, we shall be unable to withstand its inflationary influence; that the "quantity theory" of money and prices, which holds that the more money there is in circulation, the higher prices will mount, will work upon our condition in time; that we are constitutionally so optimistically inclined that we will be unable to resist the

influence; that a period of inflation will be precipitated as a result of the gold which will raise prices so high that, our adverse tariff regulations notwithstanding, our people will be forced to go to the cheaper markets of Europe to buy. Inflation should be the last thing the average American wants. We had enough of it in 1919 and 1920, and want no more. Such abnormal conditions benefit but the few and bring distress to the many. The only way to be rid of the menace is to be rid of a large quantity of the gold.

One of the outstanding features of the "Dawes Plan" for settlement of the German reparations matter is the establishment of an international bank in Germany with a capital of 400,000,000 gold marks supplied largely from the United States stocks. The plan also calls for a loan to Germany, adequately secured, of 800,000,000 marks also furnished largely from this country. It seems to many that Mr. Dawes has hit upon the correct solution of the gold problem in that he offers a perfectly feasible plan for ridding ourselves of a portion of it. Not enough, to be sure, to effect a complete recovery from our unfortunate predicament, but a start, nevertheless, in the right direction. His gold bank plan is but an incident, a single feature, in an undertaking designed to benefit Europe and ourselves.

Must we conclude that the financiers of the United States are not wise enough to solve the gold riddle which has been passed over to us? It is not a pleasant conclusion—nor is it agreeable to have our neighbors laughing up their sleeves at us. The writer has no solution to offer, but can conceive of no contingency in the near future which will materially alter the situation as it stands today. The province I have assumed is to state the facts as they appear to exist for the benefit of the layman who has never given much thought to the gold problem.

Peter's Coat and the Tariff

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (Feb. '25)

William L. Chenery

WHEN the time arrived for the annual budget-making of our small household, the prospect of smaller income-taxes gave a certain feeling of prosperity to the ever trying business of accommodating dollars of desire to dimes of income. Perhaps with the reduction of another year we might get another car, to replace the creaky family flivver. Wouldn't it be fine if economies by Uncle Sam were to permit us to make this desired purchase?

We estimated that the tax reduction put through Congress in 1923 will save us nearly \$275. That was heartening. "But wait a minute," said Dai, "let's examine a few details. Peter will have to have a new coat, and other clothes before summer. I have not noticed any drop in prices. On the contrary, I fear I shall have to pay a little more. Is the war the only cause of high costs for clothing? What about the tariff?"

We proceeded to search for the answer. We discovered that wool clothing now bears an import duty of 65 per cent—30 per cent more than when we paid our 1922 income taxes. Cotton clothing is taxed at 45 per cent. Laces pay 60 per cent, and silk clothing a duty of 75 per cent. Taking wool, cotton, and silk together, a 15 per cent estimate would be an understatement of the increases over two years ago.

Dai picked up her pencil. "We actually spent but \$600 for clothes two years ago. That was too little, according to the budget prepared by experts. But assuming that clothes for three children can be bought for as little as clothing for two infants—which isn't so—and assuming that we had to buy only the articles

which we purchased two years ago, how much does the tariff add to the bill. Fifteen per cent of \$600 is \$90. Now subtract that from the \$275 we shall save on income taxes. That leaves \$185 of your nest egg for the new automobile. But wait. How about food? Does the tariff touch that?"

We began to look for the items. "The duty on butter is 20 per cent," I remarked.

"Oh yes, I remember," she said; "don't you recall that two years ago we were getting that good Danish butter 5, 6 and 7 cents cheaper than American butter? I haven't seen any Danish butter for a long time."

"The duty on sugar is 33 per cent, canned fish and vegetables 25 per cent, flour 30 per cent. The price of eggs is increased 8 cents a dozen, shelled almonds 14 cents a pound." The list seemed endless.

"But America produces most of the food we consume," the house-manager observed. "Do these duties affect the prices of what is grown and manufactured in this country?"

"Well, rather—or else why have a tariff? For what purpose do you imagine the almond-growers demanded an impost of 14 cents a pound on their crop? Why do the packers want a tariff of 4 cents a pound on lamb? Naturally the consumer pays the price at which the foreigner could send his products to America, plus the tariff. The idea is to raise the price so that the producer can get more. If American products were to be sold at the same price, regardless of import duties, Congress would never have a request for a tariff."

"What, then, is the average duty on food?"

"One-fifth increase in the whole-sale costs would be conservative. Two years ago food generally could be imported without paying any duty."

Again the pencil was active. Dai said: "Now I see. I have been wondering for months why my grocery bills kept so high. Food in 1922 cost us \$1,150. Now we spend about \$116 a month. Twenty per cent increase over \$1,150 would be \$1,380. You saved \$275 on taxes. The tariff on clothing left a saving of \$185. Now food costs \$230 more. Can you subtract \$230 from \$185?"

"If you will give me a bottle of red ink, I will," was my grim rejoinder.

Dai returned to her account book. "The item of 'household furnishings' runs rather high, since we did not begin life with a well-furnished home, you know. We have got to have more furniture, and we must replace broken china and worn-out kitchen utensils. How much has the tariff on household goods been increased?"

Once more I examined the pages of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act. "Oh—be conservative and say 10 per cent. Actually it is higher."

"All right. We have been spending about \$300 a year on furnishings. Add 10 per cent of that to your deficit."

By this time nothing seemed to matter much and so I continued to read, gleefully pursuing horrible details.

"Do you want to know now much Uncle Sam contributed to a Merry Christmas? I'll tell you. Dolls are taxed 70 per cent, and the pushmobile and velocipede and such contraptions are rated at the same figure. I guess that of the \$120 you spent making your progeny and your nephews and nieces happy at least half went into the tariff and the extra profits made possible thereby. I assume that enfranchised mothers

will direct their attention to such affairs."

"Yes. How many women have asked for tariff protection? Didn't I once hear something about 'infant industries' when I was in school? Well, my industry is infants. What did you say the tax is on toys? I remember: 70 per cent. And how much is Peter's coat taxed, and your suit, and my new outfit? Sixty-five per cent? What justification have men to offer for making it so difficult for their wives to buy the clothing essential to a family?"

"One theory is that the high prices you pay make prosperity for American workmen," I replied. "At least that has been the theory since workmen were given the vote a hundred years ago, although the idea—to be frank—was not invented so long as factory 'hands' had no voice in politics. . . . America is the land of opportunity, and one of the most coveted opportunities is to get a favorable place in the tariff schedules. For example, the Census Bureau has lately reported that the value of aluminum products rose from \$45,822,161 in 1921, the year before the tariff bill was passed, to \$106,930,367 in 1923, the year after the law went into effect. Of course, the tariff was not the only factor in the aluminum prosperity; monopoly played its part. Our country is famous for the number of its rich men."

"Yes, I see. The tariff is very interesting. The government gives us one dollar back in income taxes, which we can see, and takes away two dollars in the indirect levies of the tariff, which we can't see so plainly. Uncle Sam has strange ideas of economy, and he seems to have favorites among his nephews and nieces. I don't believe women will be blind at the same spots or quite so partial in distributing benefits. But let's get back to the budget. What were you saying about a new car?"

Recent Scientific Developments

Excerpts from Current History (Feb. '25, Dec. '24)

Watson Davis, Managing Editor, Science Service

TOTALLY deaf persons may soon be able to hear speech through their hands, if an instrument invented by Dr. R. H. Gault, of Northwestern University, is perfected. He is now devoting his whole time to this research under the auspices of the National Research Council, Washington. He is working upon deaf subjects exclusively and has taught five of them to identify 15 sentences, aggregating 90 words, with as great accuracy as the normal person can identify the same sentences over the telephone. The idea of the instrument is that it will be held in the hand or against any other part of the body and will vibrate in unison with the speaker's vocal apparatus, much the same as the way in which the receiver of a telephone vibrates in unison with the voice of the speaker at the transmitter. It is then just a matter of learning what a combination of vibrations means when it is felt upon the skin, precisely as we learn the meaning of other signs. This is not a matter that can be easily learned, but it can be learned, and is within the realm of possibility for the not very distant future. We are likely to forget that we have to learn by hard labor exactly what similar combinations of vibrations mean when they fall upon the ear. We forget because those lessons were learned more or less casually, and because the learning was distributed over many years and over nearly all the waking hours of the days. . . .

Dr. C. B. Lipman of the University of California has devised an apparatus with which curative solutions and food are placed directly in the circulation of growing plants. Pri-

marily, the new method is being used as a first aid to sick citrus trees. Orange and lemon orchards are sometimes attacked by a disease which causes the leaves to become yellow and the trees to cease bearing fruit. Professor Lipman attended some trees that had been in this nearly dormant condition for three years. They bored holes into their trunks to about three-quarters the diameter. Then glass tubes were inserted and sealed tightly with a special wax. Reservoirs containing a solution of ferrous sulphate were attached and the trees were allowed to drink up the solution. In three weeks the yellow leaves had been replaced by green ones and the trees had taken a new lease on life. They now give signs of fruiting. This ushers in a new era in feeding and stimulating plants. The soil can be ignored completely and the nitrates, phosphates, calcium and magnesium salts necessary to its growth can be fed directly to the tree. The insect menace can also be combated by the new injection method. . . .

Rickets has been a disease with a dual cure. Both the administration of cod-liver oil and exposure of sunshine have allowed the body to utilize mineral salts and convert them into perfect bone material. Why rickets could be cured by such dissimilar treatment was a scientific mystery, which has now been solved. Cod-liver oil and other substances curative of rickets are bottled sunshine. When exposed to the air or utilized in the body, they actually give off ultra-violet light. They give off a radiation strong enough to darken a photographic plate. . . . Such a discovery makes us more re-

ceptive to the idea that light may affect our health and wellbeing in other ways. Dr. H. A. Gardner has found that young animals grow more rapidly in rooms the walls of which are painted in bright, cheerful colors, than they do in dark-painted apartments. Children also, presumably, are affected in the same way. Dr. Gardner experimented with guinea pigs. He placed young animals in cages which had been painted inside in various colors and weighed them at intervals for 40 days. At the end of the period the animals kept in white and light-colored cages had made rapid growth, while those in black or dark-colored cages were stunted. The guinea pigs in pale blue, white, and light tan cages showed gains in weight of approximately 31.29 and 20 per cent, respectively; those in dark green cages had gained only 8 per cent, the ones in black cages about 4 per cent, while the unfortunates in dark red prisons had put on less than 2 per cent increase in weight. Light-colored and white surfaces reflect a large share of the light that falls on them, while black and dark colors absorb most of it. The modern system of having walls and ceilings of homes, schools and factories painted in white or in light colors, thus appears to have a hitherto unsuspected scientific backing. . . .

Two men stood on a platform in Baltimore recently before a gathering of surgeons. Neither had spoken in several years. Then Dr. J. E. Mackenty handed to each man a little device of rubber tubing and silver. The rubber tube each man affixed to a pad that was strapped to his throat over the hole through which he had been breathing since the operation that had taken his voice away. The other end of the tube each placed inside his mouth. Again the men attempted to speak, and this time there issued from their lips intelligible speech!

This was the first public demonstration of the artificial larynx, developed by engineers of the Western

Electric Company, which ends the hitherto hopeless silence of those who have lost their vocal cords in operations for cancer.

The artificial larynx consists merely of a pad, strapped over the breathing aperture in the patient's throat, a rubber tube through which air is carried from the lungs, a little cylindrical box containing a diaphragm of thin rubber, and another tube by which the air set into vibration by the rubber diaphragm is carried to the mouth. Movements of the lips and tongue then form the speech sounds just as in the normal act of speaking.

The result is speech that is entirely intelligible with volume enough to carry across a large room. It is, however, delivered in a monotone, since the rubber diaphragm that simulates the vocal cords cannot be stretched and compressed at will to produce variations in pitch. Fourteen persons have been using an earlier and less perfect form of the invention for about a year. Now the artificial larynx will be available to all who require it.

Cancer of the throat is extremely malignant, and victims survive only from 18 months to two years without an operation. The operation is exceedingly delicate, necessitating the removal of the larynx (the Adam's apple) and the adjacent parts of the throat. One of the final steps in the operation is carrying the upper end of the windpipe forward into the wound and sewing it up in such a way that the windpipe communicates directly with the outer air. Henceforth the patient breathes through this aperture and not through his mouth.

The artificial larynx may be used by the patient almost as soon as the wound in his throat has healed. Very little practice is required for the user to become expert, and thereafter talking imposes no strain either on speaker or listener.—Popular Science Monthly (Feb. '25).

The Old Order Changeth

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (Feb. '25)

W. B. Greeley, Chief U. S. Forest Service

FOR 300 years sawmills have moved from one forest region to another in the United States, like threshing machines through fields of ripened wheat. We have outdistanced the rest of the world as a nation of wood users; but we have satisfied our enormous requirements by mining timber, not by growing it.

Now the old order changeth. We are beginning to become a nation of timber growers. So far, the gains in forest conservation which have commanded the most attention have been the 157 million acres of National Forests. Together with the state forests, they cover nearly one-fifth of the forest growing land in America. Their boundary lines should be carried forward. The immense "black belts" of denuded lands are particularly urgent fields for State and federal ownership. The public agencies of America should ultimately own twice as much forest land as they do now.

But the goal of forest conservation is the growing of useful trees on all the land in the United States adapted to timber culture. For one-fourth of our soil the choice lies between wood crops and idleness; and we can no more afford unemployed land than we can afford unemployed labor. Forestry is just as essential on the four acres of waiting land in private hands as on the one acre under public care. Nothing short of forestry on all of it will furnish the wherewithal for building our houses, running our factories, and feeding our presses.

To find out how timber might be grown on all our forest acres was the specific task to which a Senate committee, appointed in 1923, ad-

dressed itself. It obtained its facts at first hand. And in the volumes of testimony which it gathered none is more illuminating than the evidence borne by hard-headed timbermen on reforestation as a business and the keen interest of wood-using industries in growing their future supply of raw material if given a reasonable chance. The old conceptions of timber mining are slowly yielding before economic pressure. A quiet evolution in the commercial use of our forest land has begun.

For example, Henry Hardtner, of Louisiana, an old-school lumberman, has become an enthusiastic forester. He said, "I haven't got a single acre in my 50,000 acres but what has a perfect stand on it. By helping nature you can grow four times as much timber to the acre in 50 years as nature alone will grow in 100 years."

Said the president of the Great Southern Lumber Co., owner of 300,000 acres of Louisiana pine lands: "This company is committed to reforestation. We are going to make our lumber mill a permanent plant and our paper mill as well."

C. R. Johnson, a leading redwood lumberman, testified at San Francisco: "I believe that it will only be a short time before practically every operator will be reforesting. Our company has a nursery, and just as soon after cutting as we can, we are going to plant about 500 seedlings per acre between the stumps of the trees cut."

In Seattle, George S. Long, manager of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., said: "We are exceedingly anxious to get into reforestation, realizing the necessity for it. We will

begin to grow a new forest when we have the slightest chance of making it a possibly profitable enterprise. We will enter into a contract tomorrow with the State of Washington to add 10,000 acres a year for the next 20 years if she will take off the tax, and we pay the fire protection, and we will give them half the returns."

In New York State, wood-using industries in a number of instances are conducting nurseries of their own. The State itself has a system of forest nurseries in which trees are being grown at the rate of upward of 10,000,000 a year, which are sold at cost. George W. Sisson, paper manufacturer, after describing how his own pulpwood lands had been cut conservatively for a generation or more, told the Committee that the paper industry in New York must grow trees and grow them near the mills. "We believe in reforestation," said Mr. Sisson, "and we are willing to practice it if we are not hampered by legislation and taxation which will make it economically impossible."

John N. Carlisle, president of the Northern New York Utilities Corporation, added his word: "We put out last year 250,000 trees, and we have growing on one of our rivers alone, a million trees. We expect to increase our plantings, figuring that on our own properties we can eventually grow ten million trees."

Last summer a group of turpentine producers went overseas to find out how the French manufacturers grow in their pine forests a constantly replenished supply of raw material for the extraction of turpentine. And they have published this information to the trade because they know that the naval stores industry of America has nearly exhausted its virgin lodes of yellow pine and must be rebuilt upon a foundation of forestry.

This incident is typical of the present trend in commercial forestry. Public agencies no longer have a

monopoly upon timber growing. It is working its way into the affairs of every-day business. It is becoming a field for the industrial genius and commercial energy of the American people.

As the Committee of Senators viewed it the good old law of supply and demand is gradually changing the "cut-out-and-abandon" attitude of forest industries toward their land. "Forest industries face the alternatives of producing their future supply of raw material or of gradually passing out of existence. There is every reason to believe that the commercial growing of timber will become a factor of the first importance in solving the forest problem."

The Senate Committee found that the two greatest barriers to nationwide reforestation are the hazard of forest fires and the burden of a system of land taxes illy adapted to a crop which may cover the span of two generations. The Clarke-McNary law, enacted on June 7, 1924, was drafted by the Committee which made this comprehensive survey of the situation. Its major features are designed to remove the barriers and handicaps to timber-growing on our 360 million acres of private forest land and give the economic forces behind timber culture the freest possible play. It sets up a program and creates the machinery for the nationwide protection of forest lands from fire, through federal cooperation with the States and timber-land owners. It provides for the devising of tax laws adapted to the rational needs of the timber grower.

This piece of constructive legislation takes its place with the Roosevelt legislation dealing with the public domain. It aims to make timber-growing, like agriculture, part and parcel of the everyday use of land in the United States. In the long run, it will free the industrial energies of the country which already are learning that timber growing pays. It will aid in putting our idle forest acres to work.

History for Mother Goose

Condensed from The Century Magazine (Jan. '25)

Susan Meriwether Boogher

FROM a study of John, who is ten, and his passion for history,

I have come to the conclusion that historical tales for children are more imaginative and alluring and satisfying than any others. His first question about a tale invariably is, "Is it history?" History is his standard of excellence. He told me once that when he is grown, he "wants to get in history"; he speaks of it as if it were the telephone book or the social register.

We abandoned Mother Goose for history when John was not more than two and a half years old. For the three wise men who put to sea in a boat, we found in history Agamemnon and Ajax and Achilles, and the thousand ships of Greece. We found viking kings adventuring across wild waters, and Columbus sailing high-pooped caravels into the sunset to find a new world. For the cow that jumped over the moon, we found in history Valkyrie maidens rising across the skies, crying a strange cry as they carried warriors beautiful with immortality to Valhalla.

In all the lore of child literature there is nothing to match the story of the Trojan War, with horse-taming Hector and proud Achilles and Helen, whose beauty caused the siege and sack of Troy, while from crumbling palace walls young Astyanax and his mother waited death. In all the lore of child literature there is nothing to match Horatio keeping the bridge against oncoming enemies; or Cornelia and her jewels; or the Capitoline geese whose cackling was the saving of Rome.

Not even in Jack the Giant-Killer is there anything to match the gor-

geous killing of the French Revolution. Tell any child something of the terror and the horror and the bloodshed of those epic days, and watch his widening eyes. Show him in imagination the July mob which stormed the Bastille, singing its song of red revolution; or let him stand beneath the scaffold with Dumas's immortal Musketeers when the First Charles's head falls.

The thing to remember is that a knowledge of history is valuable because it is interesting. No young child needs a knowledge of history. But what he does need, and what he gains from these epics of the race, is a sense of the linked chain of life's adventure; ages flowering in valor and beauty and fading and dying to other ages, flowering in valor and in beauty endlessly.

We told the supreme child story of the legendary Greeks innumerable times. We made a game of it, and the toy boats became the thousand sails of Greece, and the scroll-saw alphabet served as the walls of Troy, and the ends of boxes were small chariots, and the lead soldiers were arrayed in scraps of muslin for Greek skirts, and armed with tin-foil shields and matches tipped with tin-foil spear-heads. We assembled a fierce army for the game we called the Siege of Troy. Troy fell to the terrible sacking of the Greeks, Achilles rode three times round the walls, dragging dead Trojans at his chariot-wheels; and tragic the high pyres where the dead were burned.

When Christmas came, the first item on the list left for Santa Claus was the request for an Achilles suit. Armed with an illustrated copy of the Iliad, I invaded a tinner's shop. . . .

Thereafter, arrayed in the angel-cake-pan helmet, the sheet-iron shield, and the broomstick spear, John directed the siege of Troy like their own Mars made visible.

The tale of the Spartan child who did not wince or weep while the baby fox hidden in his bosom gnawed him to death was another of John's favorites at this time. The stoicism of that legendary child became his ideal of conduct, and he tried to model himself upon it.

The Socrates story interested John, too. I remember his absorption in the picture of a group of Athenian youths listening to the ugly, bearded Socrates as he sat under a portico, his figure robed in white, one shoulder bare in classic fashion, and one arm for gesticulating. I remember it, because once when I chanced to come on John as he sat dressing himself, half in his u derclothes, half out, he asked me: "Who do I look like?" "I give up," after a pause. "Socrates," he replied, and gesticulated with his naked arm.

Rome held almost the same fascination for him that Greece did. Two battered grumpy dolls, salvaged out of his babyhood, became the legendary twins, and an old toy lamb, the she-wolf who mothered them. Later, the brothers built the city destined to dominate the world, and in the building Romulus slew Remus for his doubts and fears.

A triumph for Caesar, too, was enchanting play. Innumerable things in the house, including most of the toys, were marshaled for the triumph; leaden soldiers were arrayed as licitors with bundles of fasces; and wild animals from Noah's ark were trophies of far conquests; and there were Ethiopian slaves, and fair-haired Britons, and Roman senators in white robes and a dignity of beards. And John himself was Caesar in the chariot, his Achilles suit succeeded by a toga, the angel-

cake-pan helmet discarded for the conqueror's crown of flowers. And hiding in the chariot, ringing his little reminding bell, crouched a grumpy doll, representing the most hideous slave in all the empire, riding with the great Caesar in his hour of triumph lest he forget frailty of flesh because of pride.

Another game we played was the Cleopatra story. I was the star-eyed sorceress of the Nile, melting pearls in wine, and killing myself with the asp, and he, Mark Antony, falling on his sword beside my lifeless body. And we enacted the Marco Polo adventure, when I as a stately Chinese received a strange explorer from beyond the utmost limits of the Flowery Kingdom. Joan of Arc's story was perhaps the most glamorous of all he dramatized. There was the episode of the voices, the crowning of the dauphin, the trial, and the piling of fagots at her stake. . . . It was the Joan poster, and the popular song, "Joan of Arc," which made actual the war to John's mind. . . . I told him how through ancient and modern times men have wasted, fighting, their riches and their strength, their lives and their souls. I told him men from all nations of the earth were met together with President Wilson to create out of the old world, torn with war, a world made new with peace and love. He was in my lap as I told the story, and he was very still. When I finished, he continued still and silent for a time. And then he said: "Now tell me a real story."

"But isn't that a real story?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "That's just talk. A real story would be about knights in armor."

Something cold clutched at my heart, some premonition that America, too, like little John, was in the knight of armor stage of development.

America Becomes "Past" Conscious

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (Feb. '25)

John Peale Bishop

AMERICA seems suddenly to have become conscious—proud—of its past. Everywhere there are signs that we are delving into our early history: focusing our attention upon things we feel to be really indigenous.

This is made evident by the extraordinary success of recent movies, novels, plays, poems, paintings, prints and furnishings which are distinctly American.

This consciousness of our past has perhaps found its finest expression in the gift of the new American wing to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. [See "A Treasure House of the Ages," *Reader's Digest*, Jan. '25.] Contrary to the belief of the directors of the museum, who expected nothing more than to interest the few who were already interested, the new wing has almost doubled the daily attendance at the museum and made it a crowded and extremely popular institution.

The rooms in this great wing which were brought from old Connecticut farmhouses, from the early and more pretentious taverns and country mansions of the South, from the old dwellings of the well-to-do gentry of the middle colonies, and set up complete with their ceilings of parquetry and crude plastering, their side panels and walls of painted paper, with all their old furniture, portraits, coverings, and even cutlery and glassware, are something more than a curious and beautiful collection. They are an exhibition not simply of old rooms and of old furniture but the entire pageant of the American past. These colonial rooms have definitely an American quality. That quality I shall not at-

tempt to define; we have only very recently learned that it exists; we shall have to become still more familiar with our past before it can be given an accurate description.

Of course it must be admitted that there have been stray collections of American antiques for the last hundred years or more. But it is only quite recently that interest in early American furniture, in Americana of all kinds has become so very general. The wing has attracted such crowds as have not been seen there in 20 years.

What has caused this lack of curiosity on the part of Americans as to their past, until ignorance of our own history has become itself a sort of national tradition? Perhaps it is because, not sure of our existence as a separate race—in the sense that the French are a race—we have been afraid to consider too closely the time when we were not even a nation. We have preferred not to open our archives, for fear that, like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, they might prove bare, or else that we should find, on the dusty shelves, only Englishmen's bones. As a consequence, we have tended to assume that our national life began on that raw March day when Andrew Jackson rode up to the White House on a bony white charger and hitched it with his own hands to the gatepost. As for the refinements of our civilization, we have taken it for granted that they date only from the installation of our first hot and cold water pipes, and enamel bathtubs.

The American wing offers a proof, if any proof is needed, that there were two centuries of civilization in America before Andrew Jackson rode

into the city of Washington with that backwoods rabble at his horse's heels.

The finer examples of American colonial furniture are now, all over America, almost beyond price. Native pieces of pine, if they can be proved to be authentic, are worth more than the most laborious English mahogany. At the upper end of the collecting scale, the portraits of Copley, West and Gilbert Stuart are being valued above the paintings of the Georgian masters. In another field, the books and pamphlets of the eminent early divines, as well as the works of the early voyagers who at any time touched on the American continent; have steadily increased in value.

The craze for Americana might be, of course, only a collector's vagary, like any other. But there are other evidences of a new interest in the American past which cannot possibly be attributed to a jackdaw sense of acquisitiveness. There is, for instance, the surprising popularity of novels which attempt to "fix" a certain period of American life, of which the most popular have been Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence" and "Old New York." The list might be made a long one; it is perhaps enough to mention "Balisland," "The Fabulous Forties," "Brownstone Front," "The Dark Cloud" and "Sandoval."

Hand in hand with this, there have been a number of republications of forgotten American books, and new editions of historical documents, like the "Journal of Christopher Columbus," and reprints of the impressions of early visitors, English and French.

Something of the same sort has recently been reflected in the extraordinary popularity of such films as "The Covered Wagon," Mr. Griffith's "America," and the apparently unending list of imitations of one or the other.

"Fashion," the first American

comedy, has been successfully revived in New York, as well as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The lithographic prints of Currier and Ives, which were in every American home between 1830 and 1870, are once more being eagerly sought after—and acquired at fantastic prices.

What are the final implications of this new attitude toward our past? Aren't all these minor expeditions into the American past related to that more general exploration of America which during the last decade has covered the continent, in search for traces of an indigenous civilization?

It may be that we have not yet acquired complete self-consciousness as a nation. But we have certainly in the last ten years become more alive to our own qualities and more anxious for their accurate definition—a state of mind which does not in the least preclude a certain pride in whatever stands the test of being indubitably our own, whether the raciness of American speech; its steel and concrete skyscrapers; its jazz music and mechanical noise.

We are like a youth who on coming of age, is suddenly aware of his own identity, and hence curious of everything which serves to set him apart from his fellows. It is in order to establish our character more clearly in our minds that we have begun to look into our past. The consciousness of a race, like that of an individual, is composed of memory and desire; we cannot, if we are to know ourselves, ignore either our childhood or our ancestry. And both belong to the past.

The effect of this awakening to the significance—for us—of our past can only be conjectured; but it seems fair to believe that there will be at least some important effects on American art arising out of this fresh attempt to *know ourselves*; for, what and how a people conceive of themselves must profoundly influence their art.

Was Prohibition "Put Across"?

Condensed from *The World Tomorrow* (Feb. '25)

Cora Frances Stoddard

NATIONAL Prohibition, instead of being a sudden act or impulse as it is sometimes described, was a process of evolution. It was not a sudden revolution put over on the nation when somebody was not looking. One may find today in other countries practically every stage of dealing with the liquor traffic which has appeared in the United States: from laws chiefly against drunkenness as in France through laws against the traffic in distilled liquors, licensing laws, local option in units of varying extent and dispensing of liquors by governmental agents, to national Prohibition. Every one of these methods is in effect in some other nation today, and every one has been tried somewhere in the United States in the past 300 years.

As the years after the Civil War went on, to the argument that a town, city, county, state, had no right to license the sale of what was liable to injure the individual and society, there was added the force of widening scientific knowledge of the effects of alcohol, especially with relation to physical and mental efficiency, and the new demands made by the increasing use of machinery. The workers who in 1860 were mining with pick and shovel could get away with considerable drink and still do a day's work. The later miner who often had to use electrical machinery required a clear brain and a nervous mechanism that would be equal to the quick emergencies of his task; and the scientific experiments as well as the practical experience of industry were demonstrating that alcohol was likely to impair the very qualities needed.

The workmen discovered for themselves some individual and social reasons for increased sobriety. Even before the railroads began to tighten up their demands that railroad employees should be completely sober, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had made total abstinence whether on or off duty a condition of membership, and dozens of trade benefit organizations stipulated that benefits should not be paid for illness or accident incurred as the result of intoxication.

So far as the management of the liquor traffic was concerned, Kansas joined Maine as a Prohibition state in 1881. North Dakota entered the Union as a Prohibition state in 1889. Local option, beginning in earnest in the decade of the seventies, tackled with new seriousness the problem of shutting the sale out of local communities by home rule. Thousands of towns, cities and counties freed themselves in this way of the open liquor traffic. The strength of local option lay in the fact that it appealed to the idea of local self-government and gave local demonstration of the benefits to be obtained by abolishing the local sale of liquor. Its weakness was its inability to cope with a traffic organization on a national scale which combined to fight anywhere any limitation of its operations.

In connection with the rapid spread of local Prohibition by towns and counties, the states began to adopt state Prohibition. To the three which already had it were added Oklahoma when it attained statehood in 1907 and in the same year Georgia; Alabama, Mississippi and North Carolina followed in 1908;

Tennessee, in 1909; West Virginia, in 1912.

Meanwhile, Federal action against the liquor traffic was steadily growing. Liquor selling in the military establishment was prohibited in 1901 and in the National Capitol at Washington in 1908; the Webb-Kenyon Act was passed in 1913, prohibiting shipment of intoxicating liquor in interstate commerce in contravention of state law. This helped Prohibition states against the outside traffic and enabled them better to enforce their laws.

The first bill for national Prohibition was introduced in Congress in 1876. Continually thereafter, the possibility of national Prohibition was more or less under discussion while local option activities were abolishing saloons from increasing areas. Finally in December, 1913, the resolution for a Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution was introduced in both houses of Congress. In the national election of 1916 the pending Prohibition resolution was an active issue. This campaign was completed nearly five months before we entered the World War. And it was the Congress chosen at that election which in 1917 voted to submit the Amendment by a vote in the Senate of 65 to 20, and by a vote in the House of 282 to 128.

The resolution carried an unusual proviso to the effect that the Prohibition article should be inoperative in case it were not ratified by a sufficient number of states within seven years of the date of submission. This proviso was known to represent a Wet hope that the Amendment would not be ratified within this period. It was ratified by the requisite 36 states in one year and eight days after the first state, Mississippi, ratified on January 8, 1918; was declared a part of the Constitution; and went into effect at midnight, January 16, 1920, having by that time been ratified by constitutional

methods by 45 states. The total vote on ratification by legislators in the 45 states was 5,039 in favor of ratification; 1,237 opposed. New Jersey ratified later with a total legislative vote of 45 for the Amendment and 28 against it.

The progress of the Prohibition Amendment through Congressional action and state ratification was accelerated by the strong state prohibition movement going on at the same time. Between 1913, when the resolution was introduced in Congress and the end of 1916, four months before we entered the war, 13 additional states had adopted state prohibition, Alabama had re-enacted a state Prohibition law, and Alaska had voted by referendum for provincial Prohibition. *By the time the Constitutional Amendment went into effect in 1920, state Prohibition had gone into effect in 32 states, and a 33rd had adopted it. Of these, 24 had adopted it by direct popular vote.*

If anybody thought that Prohibition was "put over" on the nation, it was not the liquor traffic itself. Its publications for years had described the trade as "beset on all sides," so that a "campaign of publicity and education" against Prohibition had been evolved; and the brewers were discussing at length their claims to compensation in the event of prohibition of their business.

The policy of Prohibition as applied to the liquor traffic is not new, nor was it sudden in the United States. It may have seemed so to those living in wet centres who had given little or no attention to this development in our national life and policy, but the fact is, as recorded in the history of thousands of local communities and countries, of states and the nation itself, that there is probably no question of local and national policy upon which the people of this country have so often and so numerously expressed their opinion as upon that of prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Glimpses of Central America

Excerpts from *The Mentor* (Feb. '25)

Thomas F. Lee

THERE are fundamental differences between the Latin American race and our own. We are "collectivists" while they are "individualists" and each race has acquired its peculiar characteristics by reason of the environment in which it has developed. Our race goes back to the hardy tribes of north Europe, where inhospitable climate and barren soil encouraged industry, thrift, self-denial, and group action.

The Central American was born and reared in a land where food, clothing, and shelter might be had with little effort and without recourse to others of his kind. There was no need to band together in order to exist. The individual was self-sufficient. The Central American is many times a brilliant success in individual activity and a notable failure in efforts requiring collective action. This explains mediocre success or failure in administering government, developing natural resources, building railways, establishing great business enterprises, requiring joint action. It is at the root of much mutual misunderstanding.

Our race-training has given us a material standard as an ideal, while in the Latin American it has developed an aesthetic idea. He may aspire to be a great artist, writer, jurist, orator, warrior, but never a great business man. With him the procuring of life's necessities and other material things is looked upon as an unworthy occupation, something that is to be passed on to some menial, the peon, the half-slave with whom the well-to-do have always been surrounded.

In Central America there are two castes—rich and poor, master and servant. There is no middle class. . . . The house of the better class is a one-story building with thick adobe walls, deep-set barred windows, and tiled roof, built about an open court or patio. The patio is a delightful interior garden, usually filled with palms, orange trees, honeysuckles, and flowering shrubs, with a fountain in its center. The rooms open into this court, so that the family may gather in the open air and sunshine and still be within their home.

The upper classes dress much as do people of the same position in the United States. Most of their fabrics and all of their "ready-to-wear" clothing come from the United States, London, or Paris. In the cities the men almost invariably dress in black.

General health conditions in Central America are excellent. With the elimination of the mosquito made possible, malaria and yellow fever have been brought under control and the north coast of the country made habitable and healthful. The hookworm is still scourge of the barefoot peon, but activities of the Rockefeller Foundation are lessening the inroads of this parasite. Smallpox is still epidemic in crowded towns and villages, and the food of the lowly classes—corn, beans, and lard—is conducive to certain forms of chronic illness. But in spite of this the Central American of both classes is usually a sturdy physical specimen.

People at play are self-revealing. The Latin American prefers physical contests in which he may sit as onlooker, and wager a few pesos on the result. You will therefore find him

a spectator in the bull ring, at cock fight or horse race, more frequently than as a participant in football, golf, or tennis. He regards the American who exercises merely for the sake of exercise as mildly eccentric. The Latin American has never had opportunity to develop the sense of fair play that comes from competitive sports.

The Central American gentleman will do nothing that savors of manual labor. To do so would be to jeopardize his status as an aristocrat. No self-respecting Central American would be caught carrying a suitcase or any package, no matter how small, on the street. His carrier will follow, bearing the burdens. My progress through Central America was a struggle with upper-class friends who insisted upon dragging my cherished camera from me when on the trail and handing it over to an Indian.

The Central American seldom lowers the bars of formality even among close friends. Back-slapping familiarity is unknown to them. The language lends itself to ornate expression. He uses many polite phrases well understood among his own kind, but which we take misunderstandingly. If one admires a book belonging to a well-bred Central American he will probably say: "It is yours." We then assume that he is insincere when we find that he does not mean that we are to carry it off.

On meeting a lady or an elderly person the Central American gentleman always passes on the outside of the walk nearest to the curb. The inside is also given to show respect to a person. The Indians and half-breeds walk on the outside, leaving the inside of the walk to their betters. The peon or Indian never pushes by one in a crowd without a murmured apology. Courtesy is the keynote of home life. When visiting a ranch the guest will be urged to take the head of the table and will receive every formal attention.

Central Americans of means are educated abroad and but little provision has been made for educating the poor.

Peonage is a cunning system whereby the laborer is legally and indefinitely tied to his master by reason of pretended or real indebtedness. The ignorant Indian eagerly accepts credit in the shape of small luxuries whereupon his doom is sealed. He can never earn enough to buy his release. Thereafter the conspiracy between planter and local official will hold him fast until death releases his obligation and passes it on to his son.

New York, Ohio, Alabama, West Virginia, and New Jersey—a considerable territory and approximately the size of Central America. One may gain a clear impression of the wealth and undeveloped character of these countries when it is known that natural resources of Central America greatly exceed the natural resources of the above-named states, and yet where Central America has but little more than 1,000 miles of railway, the states mentioned have more than 35,000 miles. All of Central America cannot show 1,000 miles of really good highway, whereas New York alone has more than 80,000 miles.

Costa Rica is the most advanced Central American country in point of progress in self-government, material progress and culture. The country is covered with highways and railways, telephones and telegraphs, and the money is sound. In consequence, there has been no political trouble to speak of in 30 years. It is difficult to awaken discontent in a prosperous people.

Central America is a potential economic giant held down by the Lilliputian threads of ignorance, problems of race, economics, and government, but it is now putting forth the first efforts to snap these cords and rise to its true place in the group of Western peoples.

Interviewing the Stars

Excerpts from *The National Geographic* (Jan. '25)

William Joseph Showalter

WHEN a civil engineer wants to find the distance of an inaccessible point, he measures a base line of sufficient length, and from the two ends runs lines with his transit to the point whose distance he wants to determine. Thus he gets a triangle the length of whose base he knows, and the angles the two remaining sides form with the base line. The rest is a high-school problem in mathematics.

In the determination of the distance of the moon, a base line from a given point in America to another given point in France was of sufficient length, and in the measurement of distances of the closer planets the diameter of the earth represented the base line.

But when it comes to finding a base line which will give any appreciable angle in the measurement of star distances, no terrestrial distance will suffice. After patiently groping for such a base line, the diameter of the earth's orbit was taken. A star was viewed from one side of the orbit and the angle for the one side of the triangle measured. Six months later it was viewed from the other side of the orbit, and the angle for the other line arrived at.

Imagine constructing a triangle with a base one inch long and two sides eight miles long, and then measuring the angles at which the two sides depart from the base! That was the sort of problem Bessel had when, in 1838, he measured the distance of the first star so studied, although his base line was 186,000,000 miles long (the diameter of the orbit of the earth around the sun). It took years for him to make the cal-

culations by which the distance of 61 Cygni was fixed at forty trillion miles. So laborious did such work prove that the distances of only 60 stars had been fixed up to 1900.

After that the Yerkes Observatory undertook to fix the distances of other close stars by photographic methods. Hold your pencil in an upright position before your eyes, about eight inches away, and then look at a picture on the wall ahead of you. Note the change of position of the pencil with reference to the distant picture when viewed first from one eye and then the other.

Now, if you can imagine the picture on the wall is an infinitely remote star, the pencil as a comparatively near one, and the diameter of the earth's orbit as the distance between the pupils of your two eyes, you will see that photographs taken six months apart will show that the closer star has moved on the plate with reference to the remote one. By the measurement of this displacement the distances of stars up to 373 trillion miles have been calculated. . . . With a machine he calls a comparator an astronomer can measure distances down to $1/250,000$ of an inch.

There are, however, distances to be measured for which even this method proves utterly inadequate, but for which new base lines have been found. The sun and his family are driving through space toward Vega at the rate of 12 miles a second. In 20 years this flight gives a base line 40 times as long as the diameter of the earth's orbit, and the change of position of relatively near stars as compared with vastly remote stars is correspondingly larger.

One of the greatest triumphs of modern astronomy has been the discovery, by Dr. Walter S. Adams and his associates at Mt. Wilson Observatory, of spectroscopic methods of fixing the distances of stars. The stars write peculiar lines on the photographic plates of the spectroscope. Laboratory experiments have revealed the secrets of these lines and the astronomer from their character is able to fix the absolute brightness of almost any star that can register its light in the big telescope. Knowing the absolute brightness and the apparent brightness of a given star, the difference between the two gives the astronomer the data upon which he can compute the distance. In fixing stellar distances by the study of spectral lines and light variations, it is necessary to know, by other means, the distances of certain key stars. How this is done has already been explained.

The photographic plate is an invaluable ally of the astronomer. It can see what the eye has never been able to behold. The fainter stars can never register on the human retina, even with the greatest telescope. But the light effect of one of these stars on the grains of sensitive silver on the plate is cumulative, and for hours and hours the light of a given star may be held on a definite spot on the plate, building up its image.

Appreciating the value of a vast photographic directory of the stars which would show their relative positions on given dates, 18 great observatories in all parts of the world undertook to make such a directory of all stars down to the 11th magnitude. The record has been finished and contains some six million stars.

Imagine the inestimable value of these plates a thousand years from now, if they can be made to endure.

Compared with similar plates taken then, they would reveal the changes in the celestial map in ten centuries. Nothing could serve better to clear up the mysteries of the universe than such a comparison. Yerkes and other observatories feel that there should be established an adequate depot where these vastly important records can be stored under conditions that will protect them against the menaces of fire, tornado, earthquakes, for a thousand years, and are looking for the far-visioned man who, by endowing their care, would transmit these invaluable records to the people living a millennium hence.

If we could travel out through space in a series of journeys on the wings of a light wave, we could get a lively appreciation of the span of the heavens. We could go to the moon in a single second; to the sun in about eight minutes; to Neptune in a little more than four hours.

If we wanted to visit our closest star neighbor, we would have to prepare for a nonstop flight of four years. To visit Sirius would take over eight years, and having arrived, we would find the Dog Star 33 times as bright as our own sun.

To go to Altair we would have to make a flight lasting 15 years, although our speedometer were registering more than 11,000,000 miles a minute. . . . We would have to fly 325 years to reach the Pleiades. Arriving there we would find them to be a group of from 300 to 500 stars, filling a niche in space about 180 trillion miles in diameter.

But great as are these distances, they are short journeys compared with some we could take. To reach the fine star cluster in Hercules would take a light-speed journey of 36,000 years. No wonder the brain staggers when trying to get a conception of the universe!

We'll Find the Way

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (January 17, '25)

William G. Shepherd

JIMMY was in a laboratory and he didn't know it. It wasn't his warped body that was in the hands of the scientists. It was his ragtag little soul. He was in a laboratory for children's souls. Jimmy would lie and cheat and steal at every opportunity; he was only thirteen and one-half years old and he thought that was the way life went.

These scientists—he thought they were foolish school-teachers—gave him every possible opportunity to cheat in his examinations and in all sorts of tests, and Jimmy didn't miss a bet. For instance, one of his teachers gave him a piece of paper; on the face of it were printed five circles, each the size of a dime.

"Close your eyes," ordered the teacher, "and stick the point of your lead pencil into the center of each circle. I am going to give a prize to the boy who hits every circle the most times." Jimmy did as he was ordered, only he squinted. His lead pencil struck the center of each circle without fail. The test was tried five times. Each time Jimmy squinted and hit every circle.

In the back part of the room, a boy burst out crying. "What's the matter?" asked the teacher.

"I guess I'm not smart enough—I can't ever hit any of these circles with my eyes closed," said the boy.

Secretly the teacher marked the little fellow "Ten"—the highest possible mark for this test. She gave Jimmy a quarter but marked him "Zero." This was an honesty test—a test for trustworthiness.

One day the teacher gave Jimmy 25 cents to go to a certain store to buy a pamphlet costing 9 cents. The store-keeper, under agreement with

the teacher, gave Jimmy 26 cents in return. Jimmy took the 26 cents back to the teacher and handed it to her without counting it. "Isn't this too much change?" she asked. Jimmy, sensing a lesson in arithmetic, counted the money, and said, "Yes, there is 10 cents too much here."

"Did you have a dime of your own in your pocket?" the teacher asked.

"Yes'm, I did," lied Jimmy, and down went another zero mark for Jimmy. He kept the dime.

In eight other tests Jimmy showed up his ragtag soul with its slippery philosophy of life.

There were 24 other boys in this schoolroom class who underwent these same tests with Jimmy. Jimmy ranked lowest. His score for honesty, honor and trustworthiness was exactly 23—way down in the mud. Other boys ranked up as high as 75. One, who must have had excellent home training, scored 95. He missed scoring 100, although he had not seized upon one single opportunity out of ten to cheat or lie, for the simple reason that he had promised—still not knowing that he was being tested—to return a certain borrowed book at a certain hour.

"You can't measure human souls," our experts in education were saying not longer than 15 years ago, but Jimmy was coming pretty close to having his soul measured.

Laboratory work sometimes isn't very pretty, and I wouldn't want to have my boys go through this sort of thing. But there is a brighter side to this story. These same scientists began to see what they could do to improve the state of Jimmy's

morals and strengthen his trustworthiness.

For three months, although Jimmy did not know what was being done to him, he was subjected to lessons in hero worship; he was put under a pledge to be true to himself and to everybody else. Special, careful teachers, sympathetic yet seemingly artless, pounded decency into Jimmy's head and soul; and they did the same for the other boys in the class. At the end of three months Jimmy's soul was put under another strain. Ten more tests were given to Jimmy, and he shone forth like a knight in white armor. The other boys increased their score of trustworthiness, but Jimmy's score rose 52 points to 75!

What the laboratory found out was this: Jimmy had not had a fair start in life and the laboratory gave him the start. His home was of the sort that couldn't have done it. You couldn't have boosted Jimmy from a mark of 23 to a mark of 75 in history or arithmetic within the space of three months, but you could boost him over 200 per cent in morals. *Yes, morals can be taught.*

The man who developed this laboratory of children's souls is Paul Frederick Voelker. He has shown within recent years, to our educators, that children's ideas of morals can be measured with laboratory exactness; that children can be taught in school or by other methods how to be good.

It was at Teachers College, Columbia University, that young Voelker declared to psychologists like the famous Professor E. L. Thorndike that he believed that it was not knowledge but ideals and habits of thought that really make us what we are in point of character; he insisted that knowledge alone, such as we were cramming into the heads of our children, did not develop character, and he set out to prove it. He had assistance from the most eminent psychologists in Columbia.

And at the end of two years after his extensive tests, which he himself devised, he wrote a thesis which gained for him a Ph.D. at Columbia and started the entire pedagogical world upon a new tack. The newest news in the school world is that moral training of school children is not only possible, but that it works without failure. I talked to young Dr. Voelker the other day in Olivet, Mich., where he is now a full-fledged college president.

"Surely," he said, "morals can be taught to our children, but how shall we teach them? Great students are working throughout the United States trying to find out the best method. If we could find the right way—and we will some day—of teaching morals, we would have a new kind of United States in the next ten years; we would have something as epoch-making as any of our greatest inventions."

And then he told me that only recently in California, with the assistance of Stanford University and the officials of the Whittier Grade School there, an even more advanced study than his own, but based on the principles he had developed, had been prepared by Vernon N. Cady, which more than substantiated everything that Dr. Voelker had discovered.

"The several hundred boys with whom I dealt showed an improvement in trustworthiness of over 22 per cent," he told me, "and I was only feeling my way, sort of blazing the trail. I think the teachers of America can do far better than this before long. The public schools have much to learn from Boy Scout methods and the methods of the Girl Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls. We'll find the way, never fear."

I left him, after hearing something about the tests for boys in over 20 schools in California, feeling as if I had been talking to a new Edison—an Edison of the motive power of life.

The Death Penalty: A Debate

Condensed from The Forum (Feb. '25)

Thomas Mott Osborne

THERE is only one argument in favor of capital punishment—that it instills fear into the hearts of would-be murderers and thus prevents crime.

A moment's reflection will show that this argument is purely hypothetical; it is impossible to determine how many men are restrained by fear from committing murder. It used to be considered desirable, in order to instill the proper amount of fear, to have public executions, until people woke up to the fact that public executions actually encouraged crime. If executions really engendered fear, it stands to reason that more fear would follow public executions than private ones.

There is an old proverb: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." All attempts to stifle religious propaganda by persecution end in spreading the religion. It is also true of crime; brutal punishments increase it. We read in history about epidemics of witchcraft, and Sir Walter Scott writes of Scotland in the 17th century: "It is remarkable that the number of supposed witches seemed to increase in proportion to the increase of punishment."

In referring to Professor Kirchwey's article on the Death Penalty, in the Bulletin of the National Society of Penal Information for November, 1923, we find the following significant fact: "The electrocution of the notorious Kemmler at Auburn Prison, New York, some years ago was celebrated by 24 murders in New York, 10 in New Jersey, and 10 in Pittsburgh, all within the space of 30 days."

There are a number of strong ar-

guments against capital punishment.

It is wrong. The Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is subject to no qualification. It does not add: "Unless the authorities of the state decide otherwise." There is no warrant in religion for the state to kill any more than for an individual to kill. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

It is brutalizing. If the state kills men in cold blood, it sets a bad example to all the weak and wicked in the state. A man would say: "The state kills; why should not I?" Sometimes a man has better means of knowing whether a criminal is guilty than the state; is he then justified in taking the law into his own hands. Many feel so. The effect of the state's killing men is to create a disregard for human life; this tends to increase crime.

It fails to instil fear. It is a fact that a large percentage of murders are committed in the heat of passion, when the murderer is not in a position to reason; fear of the law plays no part at all. In the remaining few, whatever fear there may be is more than balanced by the belief on the part of the criminal that he is not going to get caught. There are also some who deliberately kill; but the knowledge that they will be caught and punished does not deter them. The remark will be made: "I'm satisfied, I got even; I don't care whether I go to the chair or not."

If men were afraid of capital punishment, they would be equally afraid of a long term of imprisonment. It does not deter the present criminals; and there is nothing to show that a change in the law

would increase murders. It is only a theory, at the best.

On the contrary, various States of the Union have abolished capital punishment without an increase in the number of murders. In Maine, where they abolished the death penalty, then restored it, and then abolished it again, there was no increase of murder when there was no death penalty.

It is unjust. In all schemes of punishment the first thing is to have it equitable. Now it is estimated that less than one and one-half per cent of murderers are actually executed. This, of course, embitters the friends of those who are killed, and they often determine upon a murderous revenge.

It glorifies crime. Rabbi Goldstein, Jewish Chaplain of Sing Sing, once wrote the following: "The night the gunmen died at Sing Sing, the youngsters of the East Side turned out and came to Sing Sing until it became necessary for the warden to place armed keepers on guard outside the prison walls. They were there for the purpose of being able to say afterwards for their own glorification that they stood beyond the walls when their heroes were put to death. It is a common experience that you find no cowards either in the halter of the gallows or in the electric chair. No case has ever come under my observation where a victim of the death penalty has not met his doom with fortitude. This makes heroes of them. It makes the men who die in expiation of their crimes against humanity, akin to the martyrs and heroes who die for humanity. Death is too great a thing to be vulgarized through capital punishment."

When we send a man to death, we invite misplaced sympathy for a criminal—we make a hero of a

murderer. This has a specially bad effect upon the young.

It is futile. From the foregoing it is seen that in my opinion the death penalty is futile, as it does not succeed in its purpose. The only thing it does is to remove the possibility of the murderer committing another crime; but if this is desirable, why not kill all criminals, when we catch them?

Innocent men are killed. If there was no other reason for doing away with the death penalty, the number of mistakes that are made would be reason enough. Of the 39 men who were executed during the two years I was Warden at Sing Sing, the Warden's office was certain that four men were innocent. Even making allowances for our being mistaken there is still too much chance.

The real case against capital punishment was once put to me in this way: On the night before his execution, a young man of 20 said to me, "I am not afraid to die; we all of us have to die some time; and what difference does it make to me whether I go now, or five years from now, or ten years from now? But there are two reasons why I am sorry to go now. One is on my mother's account. . . . The other is this—I should have liked the chance to do enough good in the world to balance the harm I've done."

He had the right idea. The only way to balance a debit is by a credit. Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good. Balance wrong by right. Give the man a chance to redeem himself after his sin by doing good to make things balance. That can be done, even in prison.

Judge Robert E. Crowe, State's Attorney for Cook County, Illinois, demands strict enforcement of the death penalty. His article will be abridged in the April issue of The Digest.

Most Distinguished American Is 90

Condensed from Hearst's International (February '25)

Norman Hapgood, Editor of Hearst's

THERE is exactly one man over 90 years old whose opinions are taken seriously. Others of that age may be interviewed out of curiosity, but Charles W. Eliot is the only one whose thought counts.

What enables Doctor Eliot to be as alert at 90 as he was at 40? . . . I have known him for over 30 years, and I always feel stronger when I come away from a talk with him. The last one was shortly before I began this article. Doctor Eliot stood and sat as straight as ever, still making me ashamed of my slouching ways, just as his choice of words and faultless enunciation always make me ashamed of the slovenliness of my English.

The first remark he made, when we were seated in the study, threw a light on what has kept him as much alive as when he was the 35-year-old President of Harvard. He knew I had come to ask him a question or two, on matters of interest to me, and he said: "First, I want to ask you a question." . . . It was his mind, ever searching, observing, deciding. Being a man of the future more than of the past, he wished the latest information on an experiment in factory government and operation. Although I am a stockholder in this factory, Doctor Eliot's questions were too searching for me to give all the required facts offhand, and I had to tell him I would send some of the details later. Our factory is only one experiment of a number with which his tenacious mind is keeping in touch, in his continuing study of industrial peace.

Figures put out by Sir Sidney Lee, the noted scholar and editor of the Dictionary of National Biography,

seem to indicate that an active mind makes for long life. Of the 1630 persons who got into the dictionary the average life was 70. Four lived to be over 100. Nearly 400 were over 80.

How much Doctor Eliot's vigor is due to his mind and how much to his splendid physique, it would take a bold person to say. He stands like a young Indian, he rowed on the varsity crew, he has always been regular in exercise, diet and sleep, but I doubt if all these necessary foundations would have made him so vigorous at 90 if his mind had not kept training with his body.

Immediately after his wife died last year, breaking up the happiest of marriages, Doctor Eliot finished and published a study of what the post-office department could do for civilization if it were properly expanded. When, soon after this sad loss, Doctor Eliot was starting for a meeting, his servant put out a black tie for him to wear. "Take that gloomy thing away," he said. "Give me something bright." . . . Courage must also be connected with the length of efficient life.

Doctor Eliot had needed his wife, relied on, been intellectually close to her, but to no blow would he bow his head. The fine relations between the two had many illustrations. The first work he published after her death was on a subject that had had her special interest. Years ago I remember going to the house when it was his week in the kitchen. The great educator gave his wife a vacation, and broadened his own nature, by taking his share of the responsibility of running a home. . . .

What is distinction? I have no definition, but none the less I declare Doctor Eliot the most distinguished man our country has. Ford is a manufacturing genius, Edison and Burbank are creative minds, but my statement about Doctor Eliot stands. It could have been made when Roosevelt, Wilson and Mark Twain were still alive.

I have seen Doctor Eliot in his robes delivering degrees at commencement, I have seen him organizing a confused body of summer friends to carry up a hill a woman who had sprained her ankle, and I have seen him in his home when it was his week at housekeeping. He is no more distinguished on one occasion than on every other.

I have often heard that age narrows the horizon, limits us to the past and sets us against new things. Perhaps. I know that that my father was broader at 80 than at 40, and that my mother threw herself headlong into other people's interests at 75. Are these individuals, or is time changing? Granted physical vigor, is modern communication, modern contact, tending to prolong the zest of life? In other days old people were on the shelf. When physical vigor lessened there was not much for the mind to do except dwell on the past, which is the beginning of death. The complexity of modern life makes it harder for the young to attain high positions, as they constantly did in the days of Pitt. . . .

Everybody will wish to know what Doctor Eliot thinks may help others to long and healthy life. His advice is: "to eat moderately, to sleep at least seven hours a night with windows open, to take regular exercise in the open air every day, to use no stimulants, to enjoy all the natural delights without excess in any, and to keep under all circumstances as serene a spirit as his nature permits."

"Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books, will in 30 years make all the difference between a cultivated and an unculti-

vated man, between a man mentally rich and a man mentally poor.

"To have the full value of family life the family should be large. To all the members it is much more advantageous to be brought up in a large family of eight children than in a small family of only one, two, three, or four. This is particularly true of the mother. There is no way in which a woman can lead as full a life as by being the mother of a good-sized family. She learns more, she develops more, in living through the lives of her children than in any other possible experience."

Doctor Eliot thinks Prohibition one of the contributions of the United States to civilization. To this strong belief he returns again and again. "The American democracy has led the way in strenuous conflict against one of the worst evils which has beset mankind in modern times."

What he thinks of the history of the American people is most interesting: "These five contributions to civilization—peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being—I hold to have been eminently characteristic of our country.

"The present generation is characterized by two strong desires. One is the desire for sound knowledge, knowledge of the fact, the truth; and the second is the intense desire to be of service to mankind.

"The woman is freer in American society today than she ever was before in any part of the world, and less dependent as regards the earning of a livelihood. Succeeding generations will find woman concentrating her powers on building strong bulwarks of the state against the vile tendencies of city life and of the factory system—evils which will destroy the white race unless adequate remedies be found and applied." . . .

Doctor Eliot gives to the world a picture of how all of us may seek to meet the years that near the end.

Habits

Excerpts from Good Housekeeping (February '25)

Bruce Barton

THERE are three habits that lay men low. Drink and gambling may destroy thousands, but these destroy millions.

1. The habit of worry. Napoleon planned his battles with minute thoroughness. He arrived early on the field and set everything in motion. Then, with the guns thundering the attack, he spread his blanket on the field and quietly dropped asleep. He said of himself that his mind was like a cabinet—each drawer containing the essential information on a certain subject. When he had finished the day, he pushed in all the drawers and promptly slept.

2. The habit of selfishness. Many men make brilliant beginnings in business. But something happens. They stop. They never learn that really big business success demands a capacity to use outside forces—the loyalty of associates; the goodwill of the public; the cordial support of many friends. They think that this is a foolish bit of sentiment—"it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is not sentiment but fact. Only those who give generously ever receive in the largest way.

3. The habit of quitting. A wise old preacher in Brooklyn saw many thousands of young men come to New York to enter business. He watched them. And he said this: "If you should ask me what is the chief qualification for success, I should answer *staying power*. Even a mediocre man can win an honorable place for himself if he will pick his work and stay with it. The most tragic failures are those brilliant men who are forever flitting from place to place—never seeing anything through."

Of course, a man should cultivate the common virtues. But the very fact that these virtues are common makes them cheap in the business market. Beyond the horizon these common virtues lie some that are much more rare and accordingly more high priced. I will name three:

1. The habit of independent thought. I had the pleasure once of interviewing a great scientist and inventor. He began his talk in a novel way. "The hunting wasp," he said, "is one of the most interesting of the species. It lives its brief summer existence. As fall draws near, it catches two big beetles and paralyzes them with a sharp thrust. Between the two it deposits its eggs, covers them, and, having fulfilled its life work, lies down and dies."

In the spring its children are hatched by the warmth of the sun. On either side of them is the food that will carry them through to self-support. They live their summer lives, and in the fall they repeat the story of their parents. When the ruins of Pompeii were uncovered, the work of the hunting moth was found—two beetles, stung in precisely the same way, laid on their backs in the unvarying way. No improvement in all the ages. No single evidence of thought. "That," said the scientist, "is typical of the great majority of us humans. There is no thinking in our processes—only instinct. We move in grooves. Not once in a year do most of us sit down quietly and say to ourselves: 'I am going to think out a new path and pursue it. I am going to see whether there is not some other way to do this thing than

the way in which it has always been done."

That scientist is a good proof of the value of his own philosophy. Millions of us live and move in larger comfort because he asked questions and knitted his brows in thought.

2. The habit of courage. Awhile ago I was reading the autobiography of James J. Corbett. When Corbett was preparing for his fight with John L. Sullivan, not even his closest friends believed that he had a chance. He was alone against the world in supporting his courage. Over and over again he repeated his warning to himself: "If you lose your nerve, you won't win this fight. If you lose your nerve, you won't win this fight." He kept his nerve, and the championship of the world passed from the giant, who had seemed unbeatable, to the slender youth.

In 1833 a clerk in the Patent Office at Washington handed in his resignation. The director questioned him. The clerk said he had been well treated, that he thought the work was fascinating, and that it was not a question of money. "But," he said, "I have been here several years and the number of patents increases every year. Things can't go on at this rate. In a few years the office will be practically useless and all of us out of work. Everything will have been thought of; *there will be nothing left to invent.*"

On the threshold of the greatest advance in scientific achievement which the world has ever known this young man threw up his hands. Business is full of men who give up before they are beaten. They are easily discouraged. They sell out at the bottom, when if they held on just a little longer the turn would come. So large is the army of the faint-hearted that courage commands a tremendous premium.

3. The habit of faith. In the winter of 1920, when business was very bad, a friend of mine called

taxi-cabs and drove a gloomy group of salesmen in New York to a certain corner. He pointed to a vacant lot.

"I have brought you here to show you this vacant lot," he said. "All around us are immense office buildings. Only this one piece of land is vacant. Why? I'll tell you. Less than a hundred years ago an old man had his farm house where we are standing now. He died, and in his will left this direction—that this one bit of land must be kept forever vacant as a resting place for his bones and the bones of his wife. All these years that provision has held, until only last week a Court set it aside.

"But stop and think," said my friend. "Less than a hundred years ago this whole island was farms. Land so far away from town that the owner of it believed it would always be idle, is now worth millions. And all in less than one hundred years. With such a record, can any man be a pessimist? Go back to your hotels and get your order books. Go out to your customers with the picture of this vacant lot in your minds. Tell them that America is only beginning—that more shoes, more bread, more iron, more automobiles will be sold in this land than even the most optimistic dares to dream. We were only vacant land a hundred years ago, and we are a nation of 115,000,000 today. And we have only begun!"

That is not "inspirational talk." It is cold, scientific fact. J. P. Morgan expressed it when he remarked that no man could ever build a fortune unless he was a "bull on the United States"—an unwavering believer that greater, more glorious days are always just ahead. The greatest fortune-building habit of all is the habit of believing that almost anything is possible; of expecting great things from your business, and your country, and your fellow-men.

When Is a Citizen Not a Citizen?—2

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (January '25)

Imogen B. Oakley

THE American melting-pot, if there ever was one, has become a saturated solution full of insoluble lumps. Recently I talked with a representative of one insoluble lump, a Polish lump. Little Poland in my city covers many squares. Its people have their own schools, conduct their church services in their own tongue, and live quite apart from American thought. "Do your people feel that they are becoming real Americans?" I asked. "No," he answered frankly. "Poles we are and Poles this generation will remain. We did not seek naturalization. It was thrust upon us. Can you not realize," he added earnestly, "what a mistake you make in insisting that masses of people who do not understand your laws and institutions and have no real desire to understand them shall become voting citizens? You cannot make Americans of the first generation, and to think you can is your greatest national blunder."

The head worker in a long established settlement in one of our largest cities told me: "The first generation remains alien. The second generation has no country. The boys grow up lawless, despising their ignorant parents and, from too near acquaintance with police courts, contemptuous of all government. They have no more conception of what America really stands for than their parents have. From this class comes the majority of our youthful bandits and desperadoes. The third generation, through the agency of the public schools, may produce good citizens, but much depends upon the intelligence of the grandparent and the environment of the grandson."

Yet these conclusions forced upon this experienced settlement worker are optimistic compared with those of present-day ethnologists, who are telling us that widely different races never do assimilate.

The question of assimilation, however, has no connection with my present inquiry, which has to do only with the status of naturalized citizens and the effect upon the country of voters who through lack of naturalization treaties are really subject to foreign Powers. Such citizens, living in racial groups and voting racially, as they will do increasingly as their groups increase in number and influence, offer a passive resistance to what we call Americanization, and consciously or unconsciously de-Americanize the communities in which they live and vote. The effect of this de-Americanization is already visible in our public schools. The history of the United States as taught in our schools must no longer be a statement of facts, for simple historical facts refracted through racial prejudices become distorted. A racial group in my own city, for instance, has protested against the inclusion in our school histories of a letter written by Washington in which he speaks of his affection for England and his regret at the approaching war. Another group sees by racial refraction that the influence of the early Italian discoverers upon our colonial history is not sufficiently emphasized. Still another sees that it was German thought that inspired the Declaration of Independence and made possible the Constitution.

I have a copy of a manifesto issued by one militant group which asks

indignantly if "red-blooded Americans" will stand idly by and permit their children to be taught that Washington, Adams, and Jefferson were English and that the English Bill of Rights was the inspiration of the Declaration of Independence.

We were all amused when Mayor Hylan of New York appointed a committee whose chairman was David Hirshfeldt, an Austrian, to summon before it the historians of the United States and demand of them why they persist in emphasizing the influence of English law and the English language upon the American nation during its formative period. The time seems not far distant when American history as taught in a given public school will be merely a reflex of the prejudices of the racial group that polls the largest vote in that school district.

Suffrage was limited when the Constitution was adopted. There was apparently no thought that to cast a ballot which he could neither read nor understand was the inalienable right of every ignorant American, nor one to be thrust upon naturalized citizens having a dual allegiance. The aspirations of the men of 1776 were satisfied with the assurance of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was left to later generations to discover that happiness can be pursued only through the ballot box.

However much we may deplore the Ku Klux Klan's methods or condemn its intolerance, it is a symptom and not a disease. To get rid of the symptom we must cure the disease. A radical restriction of immigration is the first part of the curative prescription, but the restoration of the body politic to health requires, in addition, the drastic remedy of a greatly restricted naturalization. No immigrant from a country with which we have no naturalization treaty should be permitted to become a voting citizen, and every immigrant from any country should be required to show wherein

he has been of actual service to this country before being granted the boon of citizenship.

No other country coerces alien residents to become citizens. Thousands of Americans spend their lives in England, France, Italy, China, Japan, and no attempt is made to divert their allegiance from the United States. A man who desires to be a British subject must show very good and sufficient reasons for his desire to renounce his native country; but once naturalized he becomes in his rights and privileges the equal of a native-born Englishman. The country he renounced has no further claim upon him and any threat that such a claim will be made is speedily withdrawn under the menacing growl of the British lion.

But even in the confusion created by our naturalization laws and policy, there exists a legal way to check the influence of alien racial groups. The Constitution as amended declares that the right to vote shall not be abridged by race, color, previous condition of servitude, or sex, but it does not intimate that it may not be abridged by ignorance. Several states require that voters shall be able to read and write some language, but it was left for New York State to adopt a constitutional amendment which withholds the franchise from any citizen who does not have a knowledge of English equivalent to that demanded in the sixth grade of the public schools.

A man of the most truly patriotic intentions who cannot read and mark his own ballot, and must depend upon assistance, never can really know for whom or what he has voted. By requiring an educational qualification for the franchise and making it binding in New York City, where it has been possible to naturalize aliens 15 to the minute, and where every native or foreign-born citizen, however ignorant, has been able to leave his impress on the government, New York State has blazed a trail toward a safer and saner America.

The Suicide of Russia

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (Feb. '25)

Ellsworth Huntington, Author of "The Character of Races"

AFTER 20 years I can still hear the fervor with which she spoke. She was a Russian baroness, the wife of a high official. "Impossible," she said; "I am willing to do anything for the peasants. I am ready to work my fingers to the bone in taking care of them when they are sick. But they shall never have the same laws as we. They are of a different clay."

In the days before the war the educated Russians, the intelligentsia, were among the most delightful people in the world. I have travelled in many countries, but nowhere have I found people more cordial, more friendly, more sympathetic, than those Russians of the upper classes in the days when they ruled Russia and were governed by laws different from those of the peasants. Their fate in these later years has been as sad as that of any people on the whole earth. They are largely gone, at least from Russia, and with them they have perhaps carried away much of the hope of that country for the future.

All over the world may be found these Russians who thought that by some divine right they should be subject to laws different from those of the peasants. In Constantinople a Russian general served for some time as a gardener, a countess was a dressmaker, and others of high positions were doing all sorts of menial tasks. A police inspector estimates that 100,000 Russians have been domiciled in Paris since the war. According to others, that is a decidedly short count. And it is mainly the intelligentsia who have been crowded out of Russia and forced to make a living by their wits.

Not all the Russians of the upper classes have migrated. Many have died. The London Times of Sept. 1, 1922 states that, according to official Bolshevik figures, the tribunal known as the Cheka executed 1,766,118 persons in a period of less than five years prior to 1922. Many more have been executed since. The total includes 6,675 professors and teachers, 8,800 doctors, 355,250 other intellectuals. Besides this, there were 1,243 priests, 54,650 officers, 12,950 landowners. A large part of this total of 440,000 persons of the upper classes, had made themselves influential leaders. The rest of those executed comprised 59,000 policemen, 192,350 workmen, 260,000 soldiers, and 815,100 peasants. It is safe to say that the policemen, workmen, soldiers, and peasants were among the most intelligent of their respective classes, for they had the strength of mind and character to resist the Soviet rule. Thus, since the revolution, Russia has lost nearly 2,000,000 of her most competent people through execution.

Those who have fled from Russia are probably at least as numerous as those who were executed. Many have been through terrible experiences whose marks will never be effaced. Here is a story told by a woman who herself fled from Russia. During the dead of winter, after hair-breadth adventures, she escaped into Finland. While she was resting in a peasant's house safely beyond the border, some other fugitives were brought in. One was a woman, evidently of refinement. Food was set before her, a dish of porridge, for she had long been hungry. She took from the table three dishes and served porridge in each.

"There," she said, "is your dish, Ivan, and there is yours, Katrinka." There were no children there. They had perished, but her mind was gone and she did not know it.

Thus today, among the children who are growing up in Russia, the proportion who inherit the qualities which give leadership is extremely small. This seems to me by far the most discouraging aspect of Russia's present situation. In one brief decade that country has done to itself what Spain did in many generations. In Spain, during the Middle Ages and well on toward modern times, vast numbers of the most thoughtful, competent, and strong-willed people were killed, imprisoned, or driven into exile by religious persecution. Probably no other country of Europe ever saw any such wholesale exodus or destruction of its ablest people until the Russian collapse in our own day. That seems to be one great reason for the sad contrast between the Spain of today and that of four or five centuries ago.

Russia today has lost a large part of its leaders. The peasants are a dull, inert set of people. The vast majority are like kindly, faithful Mikhail who served me on a long journey in Persia. "What do you think about as you ride along on horse-back day after day?" I said to him once. "Oh," he answered, "sometimes I think of the people at home and wonder whether the hay is harvested and whether the cows are well, but mostly I think of nothing." Such people may till the ground, but they can never build up a great nation unless they have leaders. Russia has lost most of her leaders, and the chances are that relatively few real leaders are now growing up. How shall their places be supplied? Some will come from Siberia, for a good many intelligent Russians have taken refuge there. A smaller number may in due time return from foreign countries, but the prospects in this respect grow less and less as time goes on. The most competent

of the emigrants have become established in foreign lands, and are losing their desire to return. Thus relatively few of the exiled Russian leaders will return, and the proportion of their children who go back to Russia will be far less.

But something else will happen. A land as rich as Russia and Siberia holds out a beckoning hand to all the nations of the earth. Again and again our papers are full of the importance of Russian trade. Who will go in and capture that trade? The answer is: "A few English, a few French, a few Americans, a few others, and a great many Germans." Germany is still overpopulated. Her people are still energetic and capable. They still have the power of leadership in business, in science, and in politics. With all this they are nearer to Russia than is any other great and powerful nation. What is more natural than that they, with their power of achievement, should gradually spread into Russia? In the past this has happened to such an extent that many of the old Russian families bore German names. This was especially true in the Baltic provinces, but far away in Central Asia I have more than once been entertained by leading citizens who called themselves Russians, but who bore German names. If this could happen in the days when the Russian intelligentsia were still numerous and able, and when Russia had a good supply of leaders of her own, how much more likely is it to happen on a vast scale in the future?

Thus, the Soviet regime seems to have doomed Russia to generations of stagnation and backwardness, unless leaders pour in from Germany or elsewhere. Perhaps in the end this elimination of Russian leaders will make for the peace of Europe. At least it gives Germany an almost unprecedented opportunity for expansion. Germany will presumably rule Russia because Germany still has leaders, while Russia has selected her leaders for elimination.

The Beauty of Lincoln

Condensed from Pictorial Review (February '25)

Albert Edward Wiggam

THAT Abraham Lincoln is regarded as homely by a vast majority of his fellow countrymen is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of human history. It shows that an appreciation of beauty is as difficult and unique a feat of the mind as the appreciation of genius.

First, let us ask ourselves squarely why we say anything is beautiful. If any object or work of the creative imagination contradicts our personal experience we pronounce it ugly. It grates upon us. It fails to satisfy the sense of harmony. And the sense of harmony to each individual is nothing more nor less than his own personal formulas through which he expresses to himself his own pleasurable experiences with the world in which he lives.

Most people can not see the beauty of Lincoln because it is to them something entirely new. It reminds them of nothing they have ever seen or experienced before. They have nothing to which to compare it. It reviews nothing, it clarifies nothing, it calls into unity no great emotions of their yesterdays.

The average American is impressed by Lincoln's mighty services. He can see them. He can feel them. But the immeasurable beauty of his noble face and majestic form, as far as its influence upon American taste is concerned, means nothing to the average citizen.

His face has written upon it symbols and formulas of so many moods, so many *phases of human life*—grandeur, sympathy, patience, indignation, dignity, loneliness, and a thousand others—that instead of unifying to the average man great experiences of his own, it merely be-

wilders his emotions. As a direct consequence he calls it ugly. It calls him not a moment from his own affairs. No matter what a man's study of the arts may be, his sensitiveness to the beautiful depends wholly upon his spiritual experiences and his familiarity with the phenomenal world and the readiness and completeness with which any object unifies and expresses them.

Perception of beauty in its higher forms, such as a grand canyon or a face like Lincoln's is, therefore, one of the highest and most fruitful operations of the mind. The American boy and girl as a matter of routine school-work should be trained to see Lincoln's beauty. Without training or innate genius men can not perceive the beauty of the poetry of Shakespeare. No more can they perceive the beauty of so difficult and complex a subject as Lincoln. For in his face are written any or all of Shakespeare's dramas.

I do not mean to maintain the extravagant thesis that Lincoln's is the only type of manly beauty, but only that it is one of the noblest and loftiest types. The Greek Adonis or Apollo was beautiful. But when we think of the Greeks we think of the beauty of Spring days, of laughing, shouting waters, and of a sunny time of the world. But when we look upon the face of Lincoln we find ourselves thinking of lonely mountain fastnesses, of lofty snow-clad peaks, and the grandeur of the ocean storm.

All students of Lincoln must begin with an examination of the Volk mask. This was made by Leonard Volk in Chicago just prior to Lincoln's first nomination. It is one of the great documents of American

history, for, with the exception of the Houdon mask of Washington, it is the only mask of any great statesman made from the living face. To learn the opinions of other artists T. H. Bartlett, the Boston sculptor, took this mask in 1877 to Paris. He relates that he took it to the oldest bronze-founder in the city and by chance laid it by the side of a mask of Abbe Lamennais. The old artist exclaimed with delight, "What a beautiful face! Why, it is more beautiful and has more character than the abbe's, and we think that it is the handsomest one in France! What extraordinary fineness of form!"

Later this bronze-founder showed this mask to all the leading sculptors of Paris. All of them expressed astonishment and delight. They said in substance, "It is unusual in construction. It has new and interesting characters. It is a wonderful specimen." Bartlett then lent the mask and some photographs to the greatest sculptor of living subjects of modern times. He studied them for months. At the end he said, "There is no face like it. The subtle character of its forms is beyond belief."

Artists believe the full-face portrait of Lincoln to be one of the most beautiful portraits of a human being in existence. As a speaking, living exposition of personality it is priceless.

Lincoln's anatomical structure was perfectly proportioned. Angularity, if it be concordant angularity, is the very essence of beauty. "Nobody loves a fat man" because he has no angles to rouse our esthetic esteem. A race-horse is all angles and for that reason is a thing of speed and beauty. A draft-horse has all angles suppressed and for that reason is a draft-horse. Lincoln's body was a wonderful thing because everywhere it is angularity carried just to the point of proper functional objective. And as with any machine, however gigantic, if it be duly pro-

portioned, every movement is bound to be informed with the grace of certainty. Thus it was with Lincoln.

Dr. Charles A. Leale of New York City, an army surgeon of the Civil War, is probably the only man who ever examined the nude body of Lincoln. His testimony is an important national document. He speaks with very great authority. He was a specialist in anatomy and had studied under the greatest masters. Any defect, of virtue in the human body instantly struck his authoritative attention. He was the first to reach the President in the fatal box. Dr. Leale removed his entire clothing, searching for dagger-wounds.

"I have never known a man wounded like Lincoln," said Dr. Leale to the writer, "whose heart ever beat again; yet Lincoln's heart kept on beating for many hours. Measured by all human standards his vigor must have been immeasurable. As I searched his body inch by inch the sight that met my gaze was the most extraordinary impression of physical perfection I have ever seen. There was not a blemish, not an ounce of superfluous flesh, not a disproportion. Such perfect symmetry of every bone and muscle, such balance between body and limbs, such strength, yet such certainty and delicacy in every line—I doubt if any human being was ever more absolute. An awkward movement in such a perfect machine would be literally impossible."

After Lincoln's death, Dr. Leale went over America and Europe, always watching for some statue, painting or human figure that would compare with Lincoln's. "But," he added, "I have never found it among the living. However, one day in Rome, passing a statue, I instantly exclaimed, 'That is Lincoln's leg.' Looking up, I saw for the first time Michelangelo's 'Moses.' While, of course, a colossal statue, yet the likeness to Lincoln in its construction was startling."

What a Demagogue Knows

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (Feb. 7, '25)

Garet Garrett

A PUBLIC man was talking about the average man. "Consider, for example," he said, "a garage mechanic. You are moved to admiration and say, 'What a specimen is this average man of our time! He employs his mind logically. He can take a complicated engine apart and bring it together again.'

"But specialization is not without its price. It does amazingly develop some one aptitude in man. What of the rest of him? Suppose you were to drag the mechanic from under the car and ask, 'What shall we do about the inter-allied debts?' He might not know what you were talking about. No economic understanding has ever been put into him. And yet an economic problem becomes political, and this average man to whose mind the terms are incomprehensible is in our scheme a sovereign political unit. He may have to vote on it, yes or no.

"In the Dark Ages the affairs of the world presented a very simple aspect to the average mind. Today, in one issue of a newspaper there are more facts to be dealt with than the average man of the Dark Ages encountered in a lifetime. No ordinary man can keep up with the amazing cumulative complexities of the modern world.

"There are more ideas than he can assimilate. Knowledge overwhelms him. Experts contradict one another. What shall he believe? Forces of which he has no understanding, touch him all around; the forces of inflation and deflation, for example. They affect his welfare vitally, yet he does not understand them. You need a mind trained in economics to understand the processes of inflation and deflation.

"My grandfather never went to school. My father went to school four years. I went to school 11 years. My boy will be at school 17 years. Yet I wonder whether my boy will be generally as competent as his great grandfather? I doubt it." . . .

What shall one know? Each day it is more difficult to say, because each day there is so much more to know. The mind cannot give everything due attention. Hence specialization. The most powerful mind can hope to master only one small department of science. As to all that exists outside his own ambit, he is obliged to take other people's conclusions for granted.

Knowledge has increased faster than wisdom, and far beyond it, since there is no positive evidence that the sum of human wisdom has increased at all.

The works of new knowledge are mainly physical. Hence it follows that our most imperative problems are of an economic character. Therefore, the importance of economic understanding. And what is the case? The case is that economic understanding is rare. There is not enough of it in the whole world to solve the major problems.

There is no political awkwardness in the fact that a professional economist has no mechanical skill, but there is a significant dilemma in the fact that the mechanic may have no economic understanding, for he is a coequal political person, with power of yes and no over things he does not comprehend. In the modern state of society economic understanding ought to be universal, like arithmetic.

But regard the problem from the

average man's point of difficulty. Your average man in search of economic understanding finds that in order to deal intelligently with the simplest public problems he must become a specialist in economics. And under the load of new knowledge every branch of economics is continually breaking down into smaller departments. . . . Certainly it is too much for the average man.

The distinction between economic and political problems is partial or unreal. There is no economic problem that is not also in some degrees political, and no political problem that has not also an economic aspect. Yet the atmosphere of government is hostile to specialization. Secretary Hughes has recently said what every thoughtful person knows to be true. The great difficulty with democratic institutions is to secure free play for expert ability.

The difficulty increases with the growth of knowledge. For observe that although the language of knowledge tends more and more to be alien, and although the most urgent problems are economic and require for their solution the understanding of specialized minds, yet the language of the demagogue is as simple today as it was in the time of Jack Cade.

The expert does not sell his facts. The more he knows the less dogmatic, the more cautious he is, since an essential part of his knowledge consists in knowing where the known ends and the unknown begins. You will seldom be able to make him answer the most elementary question yes or no, without some qualification.

On the other hand, whatever else, the demagogue is positive. He is not embarrassed by many facts. His stock of them is light and selected for his purpose. He has the extraordinary advantage of being able to make a complex matter seem as lucid as a sawbuck. It may not be his intention to represent it falsely. He may not know any better. But neither do his followers know any

better; and the difficulty of telling them better is that in place of the homely sawbuck you have to set up a complicated idea for which there is no associative symbol in their experience. If the state of their knowledge is such that they are unable to see anything wrong in the demagogue's representation, it is certain that they are unable to decide whether your complicated structure of facts is right or wrong. So naturally they hold fast to the sawbuck. That they can understand. Besides, they wish to be a sawbuck. They are prejudiced that way. Moreover, you are not so positive as the demagogue. You confess doubts and make ifs and leave much in suspense. People are straightforward. They want to know what's what. They want a man to be sure. Then it seems he knows what he is talking about.

The language of scientific knowledge cannot be the common language. It becomes always more technical and harder to translate into the language by which we express our emotions, our prejudices, our institutions. Hence human ignorance relatively to the sum of total knowledge tends in this day to increase. This is true of the expert himself. One of the most brilliant biologists this country has produced was infantile in the domain of economics and as easily moved emotionally by the words of the demagogue as the mind of an illiterate person.

Though he may have no economic understanding, the demagogue knows his business. This is a fact to bear reflection. He is a specialist. His art is to dramatize a few selected facts together with facts that are not so, load them with suggestion and flattery and take them down to where people live. He knows better than anyone else how to move the minds of others. This is a kind of knowledge, very important, older than astrology. Has science perhaps neglected it in a scientific age?

The Alienist in Court

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (Feb. '25)

Joseph Collins, M.D.

EXPERT medical testimony is held in lower esteem after each notorious trial. It cannot go much further before it becomes valueless. Many believe it is now more iniquitous than virtuous, and that by it justice is oftener hindered and defeated than promoted. This is lamentable. There is such a thing as expert knowledge and when a man is in straits it should be possible for him to avail himself of it.

If one is rich enough he can buy biased expert opinion and he can buy any amount or quality. That is what the public believes. One who reads the newspapers is justified in such a belief. Medical expert testimony is bought, and if there is any good reason why it should not be bought it has never been set forth. It is scarcely to be expected that physicians qualified as experts should give of their time and talent to state or individual without compensation. When the attorney who cross-examines him says, "And, Doctor, you expect to be paid for your testimony?" he hopes a suggestion will permeate the jury that the expert said what he said because of the money he expects to get and not because it is his conviction and belief.

When the average individual reads the conflicting testimony of medical experts at a trial—he concludes that half of them lied. Unfortunately, oftentimes the jury thinks so too, while the judge may be so confused by the inconsistencies and contradictions of the testimony that he instructs the jury to disregard it. In reality they may all be telling the truth.

On what subject is man agreed? Suppose one has a pain in the

shoulder. He may get, let us say, a half-dozen opinions from specialists and there will be three for removal of the tonsils, three against the operation. Are the first three lying or are the last three ignorant, or vice versa? Suppose an investor consults financial specialists. Is there any likelihood that any two of them will give him the same list of securities? Do the experts constituting the Supreme Court of the United States agree in their decisions? They all have the same data before them upon which to base their decisions, and yet how frequently they disagree and no one marvels at their conduct. But when medical experts express divergent opinions, half of them are lying!

And this leads to discussion of the quality of medical expert testimony. One physician may be an expert, but not capable of putting his knowledge before the judge and jury. Another physician has a commanding presence, a pleasing personality, and a fluent vocabulary. The quality of his testimony may be poor, but it is often given a weight that it does not deserve. Then there is the expert who is not an expert at all. And finally, there is the expert witness who is dishonest.

The Alienist is the medical expert toward whom more scornful fingers are pointed than to all others. In fact it has come to such a point that sensitive individuals hesitate to call themselves alienists even though they have devoted years to the study of the mind—for the word is redolent of venality and crookedness. The medical profession is largely responsible for this. Should the American Medical Association define a standard

of qualification based on study and experience for Alienists and insist that no one can qualify as an expert without such study and experience, or if he did he may not obtain or retain membership in that powerful organization, the spurious alienists would go the way patent medicines went 20 years ago. . . .

The hypothetical question is the curse of the expert witness. It assumes facts to be established and the expert is asked to answer the question on that assumption. A different set or number of alleged facts are assumed by the plaintiff and the defendant. Counsel for the plaintiff includes only assumed facts which he thinks favorable to the case, and counsel for the defendant does the same. Hence it is never a resumé of all the evidence. No good reason can be offered why the rules of evidence should not insist that the hypothetical question contain all the facts in the evidence. Then the expert may assume that they are true and answer the question intelligently, conscientiously, and truthfully.

Naturally the answers must differ as the hypothetical question differs. If the same hypothetical questions were submitted to experts for the plaintiff and defendant, expert opinion would not be so contradictory as it is today.

The greatest menace of expert testimony is in the daily routine of the cases that are tried in the civil courts, where doctors are called to substantiate or refute the testimony of litigants. In nearly every negligence case that is tried in New York City—and there are thousands of them every year—we witness the same spectacle: a plaintiff exaggerating his or her injuries and sufferings, supplemented by the family doctor for corroboration. The expert may testify that the plaintiff's injuries are incurable; that in his opinion he may not last long. When, giving testimony two or ten years later, he is confronted with the former patient (now hale and hearty) it does not

flabbergast him. He may have made a mistake but, like the batsman, he ought not to have more than three trials before he is struck out.

For years the officers of the courts have been trying to think of some way to overcome this gross imposition upon jurors. If the doctors on both sides were allowed to describe what they found and to point out the significance of such findings, but were not allowed to give an opinion as to the permanency of the symptoms—the question of permanency being left to a doctor appointed by the trial judge from a list submitted to the courts by the American Medical Association—jurors would be able to arrive at a much more just conclusion than can be reached under the present system.

We can hope to revise and reform the present method of facilitating justice through the aid of expert medical testimony, only after an intensive campaign of public enlightenment as to what constitutes normality and abnormality of the mind.

Students of the mind know that sanity and insanity cannot be defined any more than morality and immorality. The law is very specific: "A person is not excused from criminal liability as an . . . insane person except under proof that at the time of committing the alleged criminal act he . . . did not know (1) the nature and quality of the act he was doing and (2) did not know that the act was wrong." There is probably not one alienist in the world who would say that is a fair or adequate way of determining insanity.

To pretend, as the law does, that a single test can be comprehensive enough to embrace all forms of abnormal behavior is absurd. A person may know the nature and quality of his act and be quite insane, and he may know the act was wrong and be very insane. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that insanity is behavior, conduct. One may be as permeated with the insane idea as a

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"The Speaker of the Evening"

Excerpts from *The Nation's Business* (Feb. '25)

Merle Thorpe, Editor of The Nation's Business

CONSIDER the criminality of program committees. They invite a busy man to travel hundreds of miles to speak. Said man sweats blood in preparing said speech. "Forty minutes," advises the committee.

What happens? Another speaker is added to the program. Then another is sandwiched in for just "five minutes." Then announcements. Sometimes there is added an inaugural or farewell address of some kind. The "speaker of the evening" finds himself at the shag end of the program with his forty-minute speech and a wilted audience.

Speakers owe audiences a carefully prepared speech and delivered within the allotted time. Program committees owe them the allotted time and opportunity.

If only a few more speakers had the wit—and courage—of Maclyn Arbuckle, the actor, who was invited as the principal speaker on one occasion. The usual thing happened. The organization was changing officers and the ceremonies were long and wordy. The outgoing president told of his accomplishments and the new president told what he was going to do. Then a song or two by the Glee Club, and some vice-president seemed to hold with Anthony that

I am no orator as Brutus is,
... I only speak right on.

And while they spoke on and on the actor awaited his cue. It came at 11:45 after a seventeen-minute introduction in which the chairman of ceremonies finally reached his: "Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle, the speaker of the evening, will now give us his address."

Up rose Mr. Arbuckle, looking at his watch. Said he, "My address is the Lamb's Club, New York City, Good-night and good-bye!"

An item in the "Wall Street Journal" states:

"An Iowa statute that had been on the statute books for 30 years has been repealed. The statute read: 'The traveling motorist is ordered to telephone ahead to the next town of his coming, so that owners of nervous horses may be warned in advance'."

Nearly 100 years ago Amasa Whitney had a factory at Winchester, Mass. "The American Outlook" reprints in fac simile his rules and regulations for workers. Here's the first of the 16:

"The mill will be put in operation 10 minutes before sunrise at all seasons of the year. The gates will be shut ten minutes past sunset from the 20th of March to the 20th of September; at 30 minutes past 8 from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; Saturdays at sunset."

Sunrise to sunset in summer; sunrise to 8:30 in winter. Those were the hours men worked in 1830. The eight-hour day and the forty-four hour week were undreamed of.

There is complaint sometimes that our modern methods of mass production make work monotonous; but if the worker has lost anything in that way by the change, hasn't he more than made it up by the priceless gift of time, time for his garden, his automobile, his movies?

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rose is with perfume and still be quite sane to his valet, his wife, or his neighbor. It is when the insane idea conditions abnormal behavior that they and others who see or hear of his conduct suspect or are convinced that he is a lunatic.

The old saw about one swallow and Spring applies particularly to insanity. No single test can be comprehensive enough to embrace all the varieties of abnormal behavior. So long as expert witnesses are obliged to keep within the rule of our statute in making answer to the question, "Was so and so sane or insane when he did so and so?" just so long will the testimony of that medical expert continue to be contradictory. He should confine himself to narrative and description of the conduct of the individual whose sanity is in question, and he should not be called upon to say whether the individual is legally sane or insane. That is a question for the jurors and the judge. If they were told that a man had pain in the side, rapid and difficult breathing, cough and expectoration of mucus and blood, fever and flightiness, it would scarcely be necessary to tell them that the man was not competent to do his duty as an employee. It really does not concern them that he has pneumonia, pleurisy, or influenza; they are merely called upon to decide whether he is well enough to discharge his duties.

If he be a genuine expert—versed in the science that explains behavior—and be permitted time and favorable surroundings to observe or study the individual in question—the expert should be able to put his observations before twelve men in such a way as to permit them to have opinion and judgment as to his sanity.

What is needed is a radical cure and this can never be obtained until the legal test is abandoned which has been in operation for the past

80 years. Insanity cannot be defined. It is of no concern to the public that insanity is a disorder of the mind: it is the disorder of conduct that gives significance to insanity. With her husband alone, a wife might come to the dinner table dressed in wrapper, her hair in curl papers and her face in make-up. It would be bad taste but not insanity, which it would be were she thus to present herself at a dinner party. Conduct must always be judged by the motives that inspire it and the environment in which it is displayed. In other words, the important matter is the nature and quality of the emotional disturbance which leads to the conduct.

We must abandon the belief, so long held, that insanity is disorder of the intelligence alone. The intellectual field of insane individuals is frequently the last to be affected, and the emotional field the first. The abnormal emotional state need not be continuous; at one time it floods the reason and submerges it; at another it merely sways it.

The question of responsibility should be decided by the court and jurors, aided by a commission of, say, three alienists appointed by the court. The judge should not have the power of nominating these alienists. Some official medical body might furnish the courts with a list of men who were competent to make up such advisory board. This plan would undoubtedly result in reduction of criminality and in economy to the State, and it would quicken justice. It would also stop murder trials from being what they are now—a game between experts and attorneys and a stench in the nostrils of all decent men and women; least important of all, it would permit the medical expert to walk among his fellow men without consciousness that half of them think he is a liar and the other half a demi-god.

A New Industrial Giant

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (Feb. '25)

J. George Frederick

FOR the last decade or two—until the arrival of radio—the automobile has had absolutely no rival as the great American bonanza industry. The automobile must now, however, definitely take second place; for radio has magnificently outdistanced it in rapidity of growth.

There are now approximately 16,500,000 "listeners-in," counting three to each set. It appears that within another year there will be as many radio sets in operation as telephones; and in two years it is altogether likely that there will be more radio sets than automobiles. Within a radius of 100 miles from New York alone there are estimated to be more than 1,000,000 sets and more than 3,000,000 "listeners-in."

The automobile business required ten years, from 1895 to 1905, to attain an annual volume of 25,000 cars. As for radio, within a year after the vacuum tube had been perfected, the great bonanza began. In the early part of 1921, the largest manufacturer estimated that 25,000 sets were all it could hope to sell; but before the year was out 25,000 sets was the quota aimed at *per month*. New radio manufacturers began to spring into being at the rate of about 100 each week. No more remarkable mushroom growth in industry probably has ever been recorded anywhere. Ribbon manufacturers and pants pressers dashed into the radio business with the excitement and verve of the old '49 days of gold prospecting. Within a single year after the birth of radio broadcasting, new incorporations in capitalization amounted to one-fifth of the total present-day capitaliza-

tion of the 30-year-old automobile business!

As long ago as 1900 speech by radio for one mile was possible, and in 1915 American Telephone and Telegraph engineers talked by radio between Arlington and Honolulu, 5,000 miles apart. There was no radio industry, however, until the Westinghouse Company began to broadcast a popular program in 1921.

Then came the deluge. Allowing amply for expansion, as it thought, the Radio Corporation of America estimated at \$10,000,000 its sales for the following year, 1922; but its actual sales reached \$41,606,000. The entire volume of radio sales for 1920 had been \$1,500,000; and for 1921 four times that, or \$6,000,000. But 1922 raised the sum up to \$60,000,000, multiplying the business of the previous year by ten. Sales went to \$100,000,000 in 1923 and probably three times as much for the year 1924. Today, within three years from its first spurt, the radio industry has placed itself, in dollar volume, equal to the automobile business as it was in 1912, then 17 years old.

Radio is peculiarly a democratic device. It is for everybody. The automobile started in as a rich man's toy. The same was true of the telephone. The radio began as an average boy's toy, and is ending up as a rich man's luxury as well as the poor man's delight. Radio sets range in price from \$14 to \$5,000—with plenty of chance for those who do not have even \$14 to own a set, if they will do a little work themselves.

The entire country has shared radio enthusiasm—some sections being

tardy, while the Pacific coast was ahead of the van. Last year the Department of Agriculture made a survey of radio sets in rural homes, revealing 145,000 sets used on farms. This number must now be close to 350,000. To certain types of farmers the radio is their stock-ticker; and they listen every day to live-stock, grain, and truck quotations, and sell accordingly.

There are 537 recognized broadcasting stations in the United States. Even Sears, Roebuck & Co., the mail-order house, Zion City, the religious community, and national "chiropractic" headquarters, have broadcasting stations. . . . Schemes for assessing "listeners-in" for money for the broadcasting stations have been devised, but seem imperfect or impractical. The latest one is for a tax to be paid on tubes only; the theory being that the number of tubes is always in proportion to the value of the set, and as tubes must be renewed, it provides a continuous tax. England has worked out a plan which compels every "listener-in" to be licensed, at a cost from \$2.50 to \$3.75. Three-quarters of this license money goes to the broadcasting combine, which is open to all broadcasting companies. England has now 1,500,000 licenses under this system.

One of the striking elements about this new industrial giant is the sea of literature in which he moves. Scores of newspapers publish weekly radio sections, some of them reaching 48 pages in size. More than 5,000 newspapers carry the radio programs. There are now 3 weekly radio magazines, 16 monthlies, 8 radio trade papers; while 50 magazines carry radio sections. Over 275 technical radio books have been published. All this is the product of three years or less.

The broadcasting of the two political conventions gave a vast stimulus to the radio industry. Hundreds of

thousands of women, particularly, had their first taste of political conventions, and it heightened their interest both in radio and in politics. It is being recognized now that women have more time than men to "listen-in." One of the biggest New York stations recently began a "woman's hour," at 10 A. M. Others have radio cooking schools.

The radio has tremendous educative possibilities beyond its current use. The Kansas State Agricultural College, for instance, broadcasts a college course to farmers, granting certificates to those who pass the written examinations. At the end of the first month there were more than 1,000 students. Chicago housewives are being enrolled in domestic-science study courses conducted by a public utility company.

In New York a most extensive "Air College" plan has just gotten under way. New York University has arranged with Station WJZ for 54 lectures of 20 minutes each, to be broadcasted every week-day evening. Eight general cultural courses were selected—archeology, politics, cooperative economics, geology, biology, English, and history. Columbia University, too, has started radio courses, the Home Study Extension Division broadcasting child-care and training lectures.

A great stir was caused in the whole amusement world in December and January, when two broadcasting companies began broadcasting by opera and concert singers. Some of these "stars" still to refuse to broadcast without pay; but as hundreds of thousands of phonograph records were sold as a result of the broadcasting it can no longer be maintained that these artists are not paid, since they receive royalties from record sales. It seems certain that regular broadcasting by the most noted musical artists is now a fact.

Labor's Chain of Banks

Condensed from *The World's Work* (Nov. '24)

Warren S. Stone, President, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

NO economic development in the world today is so full of promise as the entry of organized labor into the banking business. I believe that the mobilized saving power of workmen, employed through intelligently managed investment, will lift the whole relationship between capital and labor to a higher plane. It will teach labor the problems and risks of capital; and it will teach capital more common sense in its dealings with labor.

When labor stepped into the banking field over three years ago, most observers expected these new banks would fail. But one of the first things we learned was that banking is neither complex nor abstruse. The ordinary commercial or savings bank does business on a basis about as simple as any other retail business. But that did not prevent us from employing men trained to attend to banking details. No brotherhood bank has failed. Each of them is operated on the sound principles which govern good bankers everywhere.

The growth of the movement has been amazing. By the end of 1924 the combined resources of labor banks will be about \$150,000,000. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have 12 in operation, and the total labor banks is more than 30. Five more are in process of operation, and there are 60 applications on my desk. We do not try to hurry this process. We do not want new banks to fall into the hands of persons not in sympathy with their aims, who will exploit the workers instead of helping them.

What are these aims? To begin with, we can make the workingman feel at home. I have been going

into banks for 40 years, and I have not got over that chilly feeling which always comes just as I enter. Any workman who enters one of our banks is made to feel easy even if he is not there to do business.

If labor banks are the workers' banks, then the workers should share in the earnings. That is a fundamental principle with us. We think that stockholders in a bank should be contented with 10 per cent on their money. All over that rate of dividends, after a certain reserve has been set aside, is pro-rated among the savings depositors. In the past three years we have paid 4 per cent, compounded quarterly, and have paid in addition a special dividend to depositors of 1 per cent each year beside. And we pay interest on savings from the day the deposit is opened until the day it is taken out, counting actual days.

The usual savings bank tries to get its depositors to leave their money in its care. But we try to get our savings depositors to take their money out. As soon as a man has saved \$500 we suggest to him that he put it into a bond. We are trying to get our people into the habit of thrift. Working people heretofore have often put their funds into bad stocks and wildcat schemes. We are trying to stop that. We are trying to educate them into safe methods.

The first time our Cleveland bank joined the biggest Wall Street bank in a bond purchase marked an epoch in American finance. The Cleveland Bank and the National City Company purchased jointly \$3,500,000 bonds of the International-Great Northern Railroad Company. A Wall Street

bank joined hands with a labor bank. In the future there will be many more such deals. Their significance cannot be overestimated.

Now, the Cleveland bank, in marketing those bonds, offered them first to the men employed on the International-Great Northern Railroad. Every engineer, every fireman, every conductor or mechanic, who bought one of those bonds had a sudden added interest in the railroad. Such workers will do their level best to give good service.

Labor banks are tapping a big investment field which has been left heretofore chiefly to the wildcatter. The brotherhood has its own insurance, because the old line companies will not insure us at any price; driving an engine is rated as an extra-hazardous occupation, and it is a fact that the average term of insured life after a man comes to us is only 11 years and 7 days. So the Brotherhood is paying into the homes of deceased and disabled locomotive engineers about three millions a year. This goes for the most part into the hands of inexperienced women, who have been the prey of get-rich-quick swindlers. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of this money has been wasted within a year. We have succeeded in changing this. From the time the Cleveland bank was started we have averaged about a million a month in deposits. This is only one bank. The saving power of American workingmen is so great that, if they would save and carefully invest their savings, in ten years they could be one of the dominating financial powers of the world.

Labor banks are not only becoming reservoirs of money which would otherwise be wasted or badly invested otherwise; they are also bringing funds out of the stocking and marmalade jar. We have had some ugly bank failures in this country, and it has upset confidence in that class of our population which knows least about banking. Huge sums are being kept out of banks, where they

ought to be. We found that out as soon as we opened the Cleveland bank. We got deposits from every state in the Union. We have more than 4,000 out-of-town accounts, and less than 1,500 of them are members of the B. of L. E.

Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank, has stated that he welcomed the competition of labor banks. He said they would be a good thing for the whole banking business, because it would show the very people who distrusted bankers that they, the banks, had no special privileges but were performing a real public service; and because it would encourage thrift. "We think the result will be more savings, more banking business, greater prosperity, and an impetus to social progress. Furthermore, we think the tendency of labor banks will be to encourage labor to take a larger part in all kinds of business, and that this will be for the general good. We think that wage-earners should plan to share in ownership. The result will be better understanding."

As for labor, it has an idea that it can profit by keeping an eye on Wall street. The Brotherhood has bought a big interest in the Empire Trust Company, New York City. This enables us to know what is going on, and, what is more, it enables a representative of organized labor to talk across the directors' table as man to man with those who own the industries, which employ labor. Not being able to do this has been one of our stumbling blocks in the past. When engineers wanted to talk things over they had to deal with some minor official who was there to get results. They couldn't talk with the men who owned the road and really had its efficient operation at heart. They couldn't talk with the bankers who were lending money, and who were therefore keenly interested in its general prosperity. We went into Wall Street so we could do that. And the advantages which will accrue to the public bulk even larger in my mind.

The Man Nobody Knows

Part One: The Leader

Excerpts from *Woman's Home Companion* (Dec. '24)

Bruce Barton

IT was the little boy's weekly hour of revolt. . . . He looked up at the picture which hung on the Sunday-school wall. It showed a pale young man with flabby forearms and a sad expression. The young man had red whiskers. Then the little boy looked across to the other wall. There was good old Daniel, standing off the lions. The little boy liked Daniel. He liked David, too, with the little sling that landed a stone square on the forehead of Goliath. And Moses, with his rod and his big brass snake. They were winners—those three.

But Jesus! Jesus was "meek and lowly," "the lamb of God," "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He went around for three years telling people not to do things.

The little boy was glad when the superintendent announced, "We will now sing the closing hymn." One more bad hour was over. . . .

Years went by and the boy grew up and became a business man. He got to wondering about Jesus. He said to himself: "It is extraordinary that He should have had such an influence. I am a business man and know that only strong, magnetic men inspire great enthusiasm and build great organizations. Yet Jesus built the greatest organization of all. It is extraordinary."

One day he said, "I will read what men who knew Jesus personally said about Him. I will read about Him as though He were a new historical character, about whom I have never heard anything at all."

The man was amazed. A weakling! Where did they ever get that idea! Why, Jesus pushed a plane and swung an adze; He was a suc-

cessful carpenter. He slept outdoors and spent His days walking around His favorite lake. His muscles were strong enough so that when He drove the money-changers out, nobody dared to stand up and oppose Him!

A kill-joy! He was the most popular dinner guest in Jerusalem! The criticism which people made of Him was that He spent too much time with publicans and sinners (very good fellows, on the whole, the man thought) and that He enjoyed society too much. They called Him a "wine bibber and a gluttonous man."

A failure! He picked twelve commonplace men who could hardly read or write and forged them into an organization that conquered the world.

When the man had finished his reading he exclaimed, "This is a man nobody knows." "Someday," said he, "someone will write a book about the real Jesus." So the man waited, but no one did.

The man became impatient. One day he said, "I believe I will try to write that book myself."

And he did.

* * * * *

It was very late in the afternoon. If you would like to learn the measure of a man, that is the time of day to watch him. The little man loses his temper; the big man takes a firmer hold.

The dozen men who had walked all day over the dusty roads were hot and tired. The sight of a village was very cheering. Their Leader, deciding that they had gone far enough, sent two members of the party ahead to arrange for accom-

modations, while He and the others sat down by the roadside to wait.

After a bit the messengers returned, their cheeks flushed, their voices angry. Breathlessly they told it—the people in the village had refused to receive them. This little one-horse village refused to entertain their Master—it was unthinkable! He was one of the famous public characters in that part of the world. He had healed sick people and given freely to the poor. In the capital city crowds had followed Him enthusiastically, so that even His disciples had become men of importance.

"Lord, these people are insufferable," one of them cried. "Let us call down fire from Heaven and consume them." The others chimed in with enthusiasm. Fire from Heaven—that was the idea. Show them that they can't affront *us* with impunity! . . .

There are times when nothing a man can say is nearly so powerful as saying nothing. Every executive knows that instinctively. To argue brings him down to the level of those with whom he argues; silence convicts them of their folly.

Quietly Jesus gathered His garments and started on ahead of His outraged followers. It is easy to imagine His keen disappointment. He had been working with them for three years . . . would they never get a vision of what He was doing? He had come to save Mankind, and they wanted Him to gratify His personal resentment by burning up a village!

Down the hot road they followed Him, quiet and ashamed. "And they went to another village," says the narrative—nothing more. No debate; no bitterness. In a world where so much must be done, and done quickly, the memory could not be burdened with a petty slight. . . .

Eighteen hundred years later an important man left the White House in Washington, with a letter from the President to the Secretary of War. In a few minutes he was back again bursting with indignation.

"Did you give the message to Stanton?" The man nodded, too angry for words.

"What did he do?"

"He tore it up," exclaimed the outraged citizen, "and what's more, sir, he said that you are a fool."

The President rose slowly from his desk, and regarded the wrath of the other with a quizzical glance. "Did Stanton call me that?" he asked.

"He did, sir, and repeated it."

"Well," said the President with a little laugh, "I reckon it must be true then, because Stanton is generally right."

The angry gentleman waited for the storm to break, but nothing happened. Abraham Lincoln turned quietly to his desk and went on with his work. . . . Lincoln had that superiority to petty personal pride which is one of the surest proofs of greatness. . . .

And Jesus had it more greatly. He knew that pettiness brings its own punishment. The man who is mean is mean only to himself. . . . No miracles were performed in that village. No sick were healed; no hungry were fed; no poor received the message of encouragement and inspiration—that was the penalty for its boorishness. As for Him, He forgot the incident immediately. He had work to do. . . .

Success is always exciting; we never grow tired of asking what and how? What, then, were the principal elements in His power over men? How was it that the boy from a country village became the great leader? What has He to teach us in our handling of human beings?

First of all He had the voice and manner of the leader—the personal magnetism which begets loyalty and commands respect. The beginnings of it were present in Him even as a boy. John felt them. On that day when John looked up from the river where he was baptizing converts and saw Jesus standing on the bank, he drew back in protest. "I have need

to be baptized of Thee," he exclaimed, "and comest Thou to me?" The lesser man recognized the greater instinctively.

We speak of personal magnetism as though there were something mysterious about it. That is not true. The essential element in personal magnetism is a consuming sincerity—an overwhelming faith in the importance of the work one has to do. Most of us go through the world mentally divided against ourselves. We wonder whether we are in the right jobs, whether we are making the right investments. Instinctively we wait for a commanding voice, for one who shall say authoritatively, "I have the truth. This way lies happiness and salvation." There was in Jesus supremely that quality of conviction. It transformed the country carpenter into the sublime Teacher of authority.

Even very successful people were moved by it. Jesus had only been in Jerusalem a day or two when one of the principal men of the city called to see Him; Nicodemus, a member of the Sanhedrin, a supreme court judge. Jesus might very naturally have said: "I appreciate your coming, sir. You are an older man and successful. I am just starting on My work. I should like to have you advise Me as to how I may best proceed." But there was no such note in the Young Man's speech: "Verily, verily, I say to you, Nicodemus, except you are born again you cannot see the kingdom of Heaven."

The famous visitor did not enroll as a disciple, was not invited to enroll; but he never forgot the impression made by the Young Man's amazing self-assurance. In a few weeks the crowds along the shores of Galilee were to feel the same power and respond to it. They were quite accustomed to the discourses of the Scribes and Pharisees—long, involved arguments backed up by many citations from the law. But this teacher was different. He quoted nobody; His own word was offered

as sufficient. He taught "as one having authority and not as the Scribes." Three years later He had become so large a public influence as to threaten the peace of the rulers, and they sent a detachment of veteran Roman soldiers to arrest Him, soldiers who had fought bloody battles and were immune to sentiment. They returned, after a while, empty-handed.

"What's the matter?" their commander demanded angrily.

"You'll have to send someone else," they said. "We don't want to go against Him. *Never man so spake.*"

They were armed; He had no defense but His manner and tone, but these were enough. In any crowd and under any circumstances the leader stands out. By the power of his own faith in himself he commands, and men instinctively obey. . . .

The second element in the success of Jesus was His wonderful power to pick men, and to recognize hidden capacities in them. It must have amazed Nicodemus when he learned the names of the twelve whom the Young Teacher had chosen to be His associates.

What a list! Not a single well-known person on it. Nobody who had ever made a success of anything. A haphazard collection of fishermen and small-town business men, and later one tax-collector—a member of the most hated element in the community. What a crowd!

In all literature there is no more startling example of executive success than the story of the way in which that organization was brought together. Take the tax collector, Mathew, as the most striking instance. His occupation carried a heavy weight of social ostracism, but it was profitable. He was probably well to do, according to the simple standards of the neighborhood; certainly he was a busy man and not subject to impulsive action. The story of his addition to the group of

disciples is told in a single sentence: "And as Jesus passed by He called Mathew."

An amazing sentence. No argument with Mathew. A lesser leader would certainly have found persuasion necessary. Such a man would have been compelled to set up the advantages of the opportunity. *As He passed by* He called Mathew. No executive in the world can read that sentence without acknowledging that here indeed is the Master. . . .

Having gathered together His organization there remained for Jesus the tremendous task of training it. And herein lay the third great element in His success—His vast unending patience. The Church has attached to each of the disciples the title of Saint and thereby done much to destroy the conviction of their reality. They were very far from sainthood when He picked them up. For three years He had them with Him day and night, His whole energy and resources poured out in an effort to create an understanding in them. Yet through it all they never fully understood. We have seen, at the beginning of this chapter, an example of their petulance. The narratives are full of similar discouragements.

In spite of all He could do or say, they were persuaded that He planned to overthrow the Roman power and set Himself up as ruler in Jerusalem. Hence they never tired of wrangling as to how the offices should be divided. But Jesus never lost His patience. He believed that the way to get faith out of men is to show that you have faith in them.

Of all the disciples Simon Peter was most noisy and aggressive. It was he who was always volunteering advice, and forever proclaiming the staunchness of his own courage and faith. One day Jesus said to him, "Before the cock crows tomorrow you will deny Me thrice." Peter was indignant. Though they killed him, he cried, he would never deny!

Jesus merely smiled—and that night it happened. . . . A lesser leader would have dropped Peter. Jesus had the rare understanding that the same man will usually not make the same mistake twice. The shame of the denial had tempered the iron of that nature like fire: from that time on there was no faltering in Peter, even at the death. . . .

It is very hard for the brilliant man to be tolerant of mediocrity. Many a very gifted individual fails utterly as an executive because he will not make allowance for the slower minds around him; his brilliance discourages when it ought to inspire. The picture of Jesus—supremely conscious of His great gifts, yet spending His time in patient training of His doubting associates—ought to be an enduring inspiration to every leader.

John, the Baptist, drew crowds who were willing to repent at his command, but he had no program for them after their repentance. So his followers drifted away and his movement gradually collapsed.

The same thing might have happened to the work of Jesus. He started with much less reputation than John and a much smaller group of followers. Yet because of the fire of His personal conviction, because of His marvelous instinct for discovering their latent powers, and because of His unwavering faith and patience, He molded them into an organization which carried on victoriously. Within a very few years after His death it was reported in a far-off corner of the Roman Empire that "these who have turned the world upside down have come hither also." A few decades later the proud Empire itself bowed its head to His teachings transmitted by the faith and courage that He had inspired in simple fishermen.

Succeeding chapters of Mr. Barton's notable narrative will be found in the January, February and March issues of the Woman's Home Companion.

TYLER DENNETT (p. 643) is an authority on subjects chiefly of Oriental or Near Eastern connection. He has traveled widely and is in close touch with problems of national or international significance. He now lectures on American history at Johns Hopkins University and lives in Washington, D. C.

STUART H. GILLMORE (p. 655) was graduated from the University of Virginia. During the World War he served with the British Tanks and the French Trench Mortars. He was decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Following his return to the United States, he and a friend were sent to South America to supervise an advance camp and the erection of a town up the Moroni River for the engineers and dredgemen who were to operate gold-mining machinery in behalf of an investment securities house of New York. At this time he became interested in St. Laurent, the French convict station.

RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY (p. 657) is a former New York business man. He is now devoting himself to writing upon problems of business and finance.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY (p. 659) was long editor of the New York "Telegram."

SUSAN MERIWETHER BOOGHER (p. 665) was a member of the original board of directors of the Community School of St. Louis, a school founded on principles of progressive education. . . . She has been a constant and active advocate of the League of Nations, writing and speaking for it. In the elections of 1922 she was president of the Association of Missouri Women opposed to Senator Reed, spending a strenuous summer organizing her workers and campaigning throughout the State. In the last elections Mrs. Boogher took an active part in campaigning in New York, where she is now living. . . . She has spent much time in charitable work, serving on various hospital boards and committees of charitable organizations. . . . Her short stories, articles, and poems have appeared in American magazines frequently in the last few years.

CORA FRANCES STODDARD (p. 669) is Executive Secretary of the Scientific Temperance Federation.

BRUCE BARTON (pp. 681, 699), one of the best known magazine writers in America, was born in Robbins, Tennessee, thirty-eight years ago. He was graduated from Amherst, in 1907, and entered into literary work almost immediately. In addition to his writing, Mr. Barton is now a leading figure in the advertising field, being president of Barton, Durstine and Osborn, advertising agents, New York City. He is married and has three children.

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON (p. 685) is a professor in Yale University. He has been awarded a number of medals and is termed by one reviewer as "the most conspicuous living authority on the influence of climate upon civilization." He hopes that some time in the not too distant future nations will take a hand in their own biological development rather than leave it to chance.

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS (p. 691) is the distinguished New York neurologist who invaded the field of criticism with that much-discussed book, "The Doctor Looks at Literature."

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